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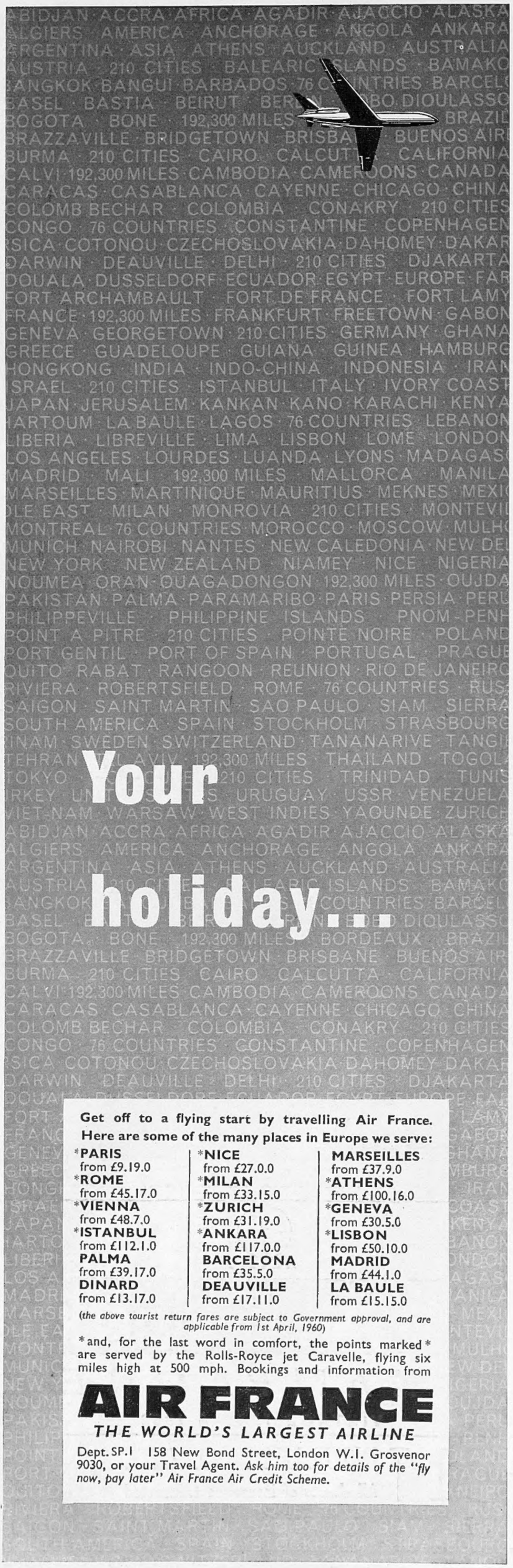

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Information and prospectus: Tourist Office, Grindelwald (Tel. 036/32301). Swiss National Tourist Office, 458, Strand, London, W.C.2, or your travel agent.

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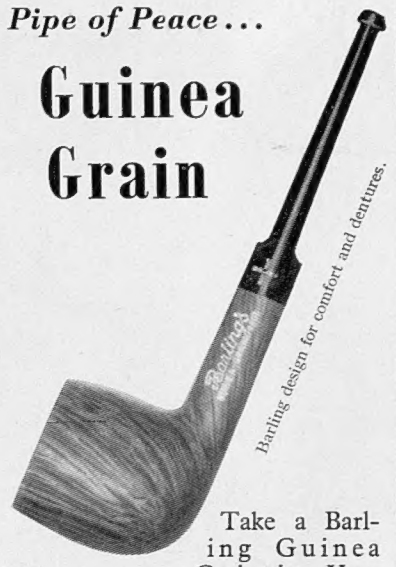

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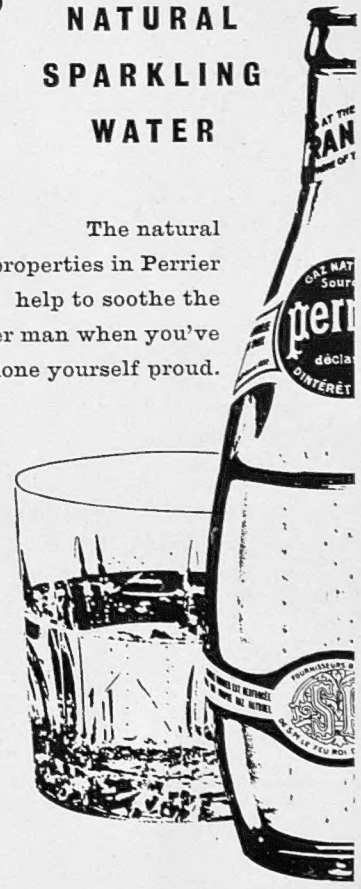

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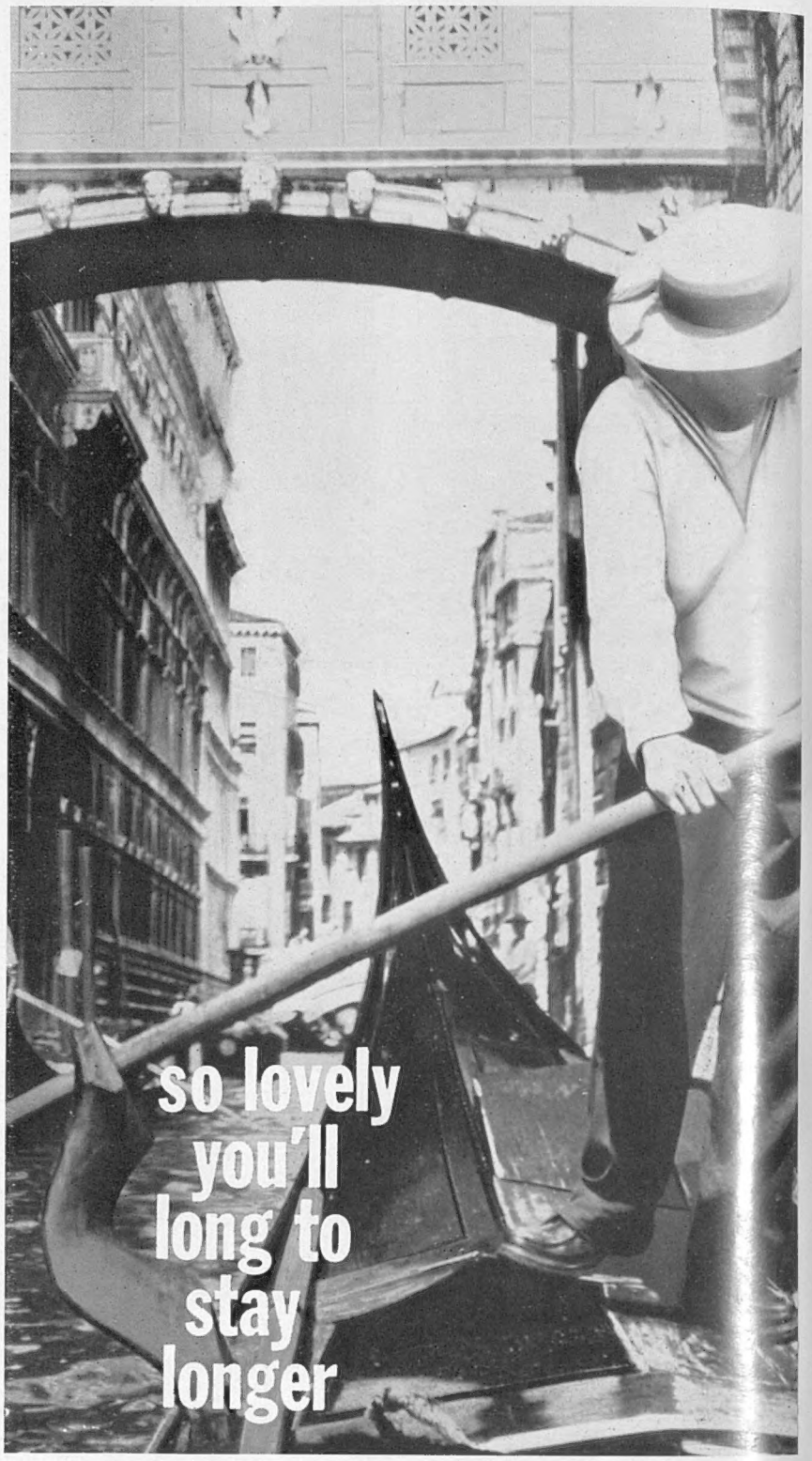

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Volume CCXL No. 3119

The SPHERE, London, March 12, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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IN THE RUINS OF AGADIR—THE SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS OF THE EARTHQUAKE: Civilians and soldiers clear away rubble in the Moroccan seaport devastated by a violent earthquake. At the beginning of this week it was announced from an official source that more than 3,000 foreigners were among the 12,000 in the provisional death-roll. Agadir was evacuated last week and sailors and soldiers of five nations were among those taking part in rescue work, struggling against disease and an invasion of rats.

After Agadir, a seaport and sunny resort in the southern part of Morocco, collapsed into rubble in a sudden earthquake, the ruins were evacuated. For several days people were found trapped alive in the ruins. Some 2,000 injured were flown to hospitals in Morocco and possibly 20,000 out of the total population of over 30,000 escaped. In blistering heat, rescue teams of many nations searched the rubble, which in parts had been coated with quicklime to guard against infection. Helicopters flew over the town spraying it with DDT. Plans were announced by King Mohammed V of Morocco and Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, directing the rescue work, to rebuild Agadir as a new resort. Before the disaster, Agadir in recent times had once been headline news, when in 1910 the German Government sent the gunboat *Panther* to the port to support the Moroccans against France, and had nearly precipitated a European war. The ruins of Agadir are witness to one of the worst earthquake disasters, although not approaching the devastation of Tokyo in 1923, when over 60,000 died, or Lisbon in 1755, when about 50,000 lost their lives. (Further pictures are on pages 393 to 396.)

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A COMMISSIONING PARADE AT MONS: Mr. Christopher Soames, the Secretary of State for War, takes the salute at the march-past at the Mons Officer Cadet School, at Aldershot. With him on the saluting stand is the Commandant of the School, Colonel Fortesque. The ceremonial stick for the best cadet was presented by Mr. Soames to Senior Under-Officer Robert Pocock, of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment.

A DINNER FOR THE DUKE OF EDI... Mr. E. O. Asafu-Adjaye, t... at the High Commissione...

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

Palmerston was Luckier—When the Eden Memoirs were being serialised, I petulantly remarked that even educated people can discover that the diplomacy of the very recent past can prove dry bones. I think the reason why that is so for Englishmen is due in part to a sense of humiliation and in part to the absence of any clear-cut successes. We all prefer a success story to the records of failures of missions, of crises staved off temporarily, of compromises to avert defeat. How lucky was Palmerston to have always behind him a " gunboat " with live ammunition. How unlucky his successors who have perforce relied on a cardboard gunboat armed with paper pellets. I have studied with care all shades of opinion on Eden's *Full Circle* and I cannot but conclude that, both as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister, he was unfortunate in his " gunboats," and that where he was right he was too late. No one knew better than he the fearful consequences of the failure to act when Hitler occupied the Rhineland. No one more fully appreciated the need not to repeat that abject cowardice when Nasser seized the Suez Canal in July '56. The U.N. was not to be persuaded; but under its Charter England and France, most vitally concerned with the Canal's freedom, possessed the power to act by force and to report to the Security Council afterwards. Once more, they did not act and their inaction clearly points to the fact that when in November they did act, they acted not primarily to separate the combatants on each side of the Canal but to retrieve the vital freedom of the Canal. There is another reason why modern Premiers and Foreign Secretaries may envy Palmerston. To-day events move so quickly that the past catches up with them before they turn from youth to middle age. They have no middle years of *réclame*. They may be condemned by events before they have snatched a year of fame. And for those of them who write their memoirs, usually too soon and nearly always in the form of a political testament and apologia, it must be a depressing thought, if they realise it, that the rising generation in the new chromium-plated modern schools are not taught the history of this dreadful half-century. So at least TV sleuths suggest cross-sectionally. Most have " heard of Hitler " ; whether he was a good man or a bad, they did not know and could not care less. " Panorama " has given me several shocks but none more violent than this apparent fact.

DELIVERING MAIL BY COACH IN LONDON: On its way from the City headquarters of the G.P.O. the mail-coach moves down Ludgate Hill. St. Paul's Cathedral is in the background. The coach was delivering mail to the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, where the G.P.O. have a stand describing their history over 300 years. The coach last delivered mail approximately 150 years ago.

Gaitskell's Blind Eye—Mr. Gaitskell is credited with great political adroitness, but I wonder whether, as he surveyed the scene in Trafalgar Square under Nelson's statue during the Boycott rally, he remembered Nelson's blind-eye gesture and asked himself if he, too, had failed to read a signal, perhaps with less happy results. He must have been confused, as we were, by the " battle order " as it developed on that day. On one side some Conservatives, reinforced by the " irregulars " of Mosley's private army. On the other, Mr. Gaitskell, " speaking for the whole Labour movement," backed by the Liberal remnant, suddenly made friends together with Labour on that issue (" for before they had been at enmity "). Surely Mr. Gaitskell, as he thundered out his prepared condemnation, must have had uneasy doubts as to whether the gesture would have more practical effect than the clear majority opinion of Britain and the Commonwealth, voiced by Mr. Macmillan in the very heart of South Africa ; whether, indeed, a petty-minded gesture might not stiffen rather than soften Dr. Verwoerd, and whether, if Fate should send Mr. Gaitskell to No. 10 in due course, this remembered speech of his would help him to maintain the solidarity of the Commonwealth. In a word, had he a suspicion that perhaps even the whole body of Labour was not solidly behind him and that he had allowed himself to be pushed from behind into a foolish and undignified gesture ? We are hearing so much from Lord Morrison of how that kind of pressure induced the " noblest " of Labour leaders to embrace causes and policies which they themselves did not very wholeheartedly endorse.

" Of all the Nonsense " . . .—I tremble to think of all the nonsense which will be printed (to crowd out the good sense) before Princess Margaret is happily married; and I suppose that may not be for three months or more. We must be prepared for expert inquisitions into her income and capital and into his income from his profession. We shall have surveyors' reports on the suitability of mansions for the happy couple. Would fifteen bedrooms provide adequate accommodation? Would the swimming pool and garages need enlargement? Can the minimum needs of one more Royal country residence be secured for as little as £100,000? Then we shall have suggestions for suitable public appointments for the happy man. Governorships grow fewer, but some one or other of what remain would be ideally filled by him and Princess Margaret. Then, *ad lib.*, the question of a title; for the Editors of our peerages clearly don't like the sound of " Princess Margaret, Mrs. Armstrong-Jones," though " Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles," was passed as acceptable. The Queen will be " advised " to make him a prince, a duke, an earl, or at least to knight him, so that it will " look better " for Princess Margaret in the Court Circular. As for this particular snag, there is a simple escape route. The marriage is not according to precedent. It *creates* a precedent, and Court Circular convention could adjust itself. The happy couple could be therein described as " Princess Margaret (*tout court*) and Mr. Armstrong-Jones." Then, of course, we shall have the genealogists getting busy over what might happen with the succession if there were a holocaust in Royal circles. Would the Royal line of Armstrong-Jones assume the surname of Windsor and would the style be Windsor-Jones or Jones-Windsor? Don't delude yourselves into believing that these cover the whole range of grave questions which the columnists will pose and present. Princess Margaret

URGH: He is accompanied by his host igh Commissioner for Ghana, on his arrival esidence at St. John's Wood, London.

A ROYAL HANDSHAKE: The Duke of Edinburgh shakes hands with Elizanne, the daughter of the Ghanaian High Commissioner. The Duke, who paid a brief visit to Ghana last autumn, plans to return there at the end of this year.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE DUKE: He points to her camera as he talks to the daughter of the Ghanaian High Commissioner. Aged five, the girl is already a keen photographer. The dinner took place last week.

and her fiancé are under no such delusion, and I dare say that fact may decide them to advance the date of their wedding, even if it shortens the time which the Earl Marshal and Lord Great Chamberlain require to examine precedents and make their arrangements.

Lords in Retirement—I shall be surprised if Lord Morrison's memoirs do not add another proof that retirement to the House of Lords is still a heady brew for Labour politicians. Lord Attlee, who justifiably must supplement his pension by lectures and TV interviews, has more than once shown himself embarrassingly provocative in his wisecracks and judgments of contemporaries, and Lord Morrison clearly in his *Memoirs* has plumped for unpulled punches; and punches certainly stimulate circulation. Poor Ramsay Mac., of course, is anybody's Aunt Sally. He betrayed the Party and Labour movement in 1931. Nobody so far has been able to sift that charge. Both Attlee and the canonised Ernest Bevin had feet of clay. Attlee had it in him to be big, but was often a little man. Bevin could be small-minded and jealous even in his big moments. Stafford Cripps was sometimes a hypocrite, affecting sincerity in causes which little moved him. Bevan at one time alternated the warm handclasp and the frozen mitt. Dalton had no idea what hit him when the financial crisis burst in '47. Winston Churchill, on the other hand, was a capital colleague to work with. I don't know whether the final figures of the ballot for the Party leadership when Attlee retired had anything to do with these punches on his colleagues by Lord Morrison: Gaitskell 157, Bevan 70, Morrison 40. Lord Morrison hints that he alone of the three could not intrigue, and did not throw parties as aids to canvassing.

Nuclear Merchant Ships—Of course, we must follow America's every scientific advance, as we must follow her every social fashion or stunt, worthy or otherwise. Our national existence as a great Power depends on it. So we must be prepared with rules and regulations to minimise the danger to human life when nuclear merchant ships are common. We must take calculated risks to be in the movement. I must say that the risks are sufficiently calculated to suggest that they are by no means trivial. The chief one foreseen is the risk of collision. If a serious collision occurred within 25 miles of land, the spread of fission material could affect the lives of many thousands on shore. This risk implies stringent rules as to select entry ports, daylight entry in clear weather, and speed of approach. Collision out at sea might certainly involve grave risk to the sharer of the collision and ships in the area of collision. The siting of reactor rooms in such ships must be as far removed as possible from quarters most liable to suffer in any form of collision. Obviously, discharge of waste products far out at sea is not foolproof. I wonder how Nasser would react to the entry of a friendly nuclear merchantman into the Suez Canal. I rather hope we shall spend at least ten years calculating these risks before production begins. For, I confess, these preliminary ideas of precaution frighten me.

Dr. Moore's Little Candle—

How far the little candle throws its light,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Mr. Butlin saw Dr. Moore's light that it was good for business and transformed it into a searchlight with his mass march from John o' Groats. I am bound to say I agree with Glasgow's Lord Provost that it was outrageous that Mr. Butlin should be allowed to obtain such cheap publicity for his business by exploiting so many sensation-hunters and the roads. But he is quite within the Law. The roads are still open to courageous walkers, and money prizes can still be offered, if skill and endurance are elements in any contest. Moreover, the country is divided in its opinion. The people of Wick saw good value in an off-season suddenly presented to them on a plate. Governments nowadays do quite a lot with our money to make us cleaner, healthier and better housed. To that extent they even interfere in a small way with the liberty of the subject, though they are always nervous of doing so. All Governments know that they cannot make us more virtuous or less silly by Act of Parliament, though a lot of our money runs through their hands in trying to educate us out of sin and silliness. So, when some of us say that this sort of stunt ought to be stopped, we merely bang our heads against the Rights of Man. It is to be an annual event. But the *roads* are a problem and if the Government can prevent broken-down "old-crock" cars from using M 1, there is some sort of a precedent for forbidding Butlin's stunt. Life is real, life is earnest, too, in our sore need of greater productivity; and some of these jay-walkers could be better employed and cost us less in National Assistance. A report from the starting point told me that conditions were somewhat chaotic and that the sanitary arrangements were by no means adequate for the hordes of sensation- and money-seekers assembled. No wonder our Health Service costs us more and more.

Pisa in London—Lord John Hope admitted in Parliament that the towers of the Palace of Westminster are considerably out of the plumb. The clock tower tilts 1¼ ft. to the north-west, the Victoria 1¼ ft. to the south-west. Thus impartiality is maintained with perfect stability and if it appears that both have moved to the left, that would be correct enough historico-politically. The spire of Salisbury Cathedral leans rather more and no one expects it to collapse. Indeed, when Chichester Cathedral spire collapsed, no signs of tilting had been observed. When recently I bought a new house, my surveyors told me that two of the chimneys were "leaning to the sun." I liked the phrase and I left them leaning. When the rare occasion offers, I lean to the sun myself. I once asked an architect how much out of the plumb would Salisbury spire have to lean to make the inclination quite clear to the naked eye. But I cannot remember his mathematical calculations. The leaning tower of Pisa is now 17 ft. out of the plumb, its height being only 179 ft. The Campanile, it is said, started to lean before it was finished in the thirteenth century on its very shallow and narrow foundations.

National Parks and National Needs—The National Parks Act was hailed as a tardy resolve on the part of Government to save something at least from the wreck of our country's heritage of beauty and peace, and to establish by Act of Parliament the necessity for recreation in peaceful surroundings in a small island greatly overpopulated and stridently noisy. Here and there, at least, we assumed with a sigh of relief, we can escape for a few hours from "all that." Year after year, these sacred territories have been invaded for nuclear power or radar-type installation, dumps, and what not. Always the Government expresses regret, usually it pleads national necessity and hints that it won't be a precedent and will do no damage to amenity. The *National Parks Act* was not the only effort to save something from the wreck. There are green belts and planning authorities and amenity protection societies galore; they overlap and cut each other's circles and constantly find themselves up against other authorities with brass-tack aims which have no concern with amenities; and the more these bodies attempt to protect, the less remains for protection. Year by year, in the need for roads, for defence installations, for housing, for school buildings, for prisons, and so on, we nibble into our small reserves, and all our efforts to save this island from total subtopianisation are made a mockery. When does a series of isolated infractions of a charter or a pledge establish a precedent?

First Woman Proctor—Dr. Elizabeth Whiteman became, last week, the first woman Proctor for Oxford University. With two male *confrères* she shares representation on thirty committees with control of the University Police and the delegacy of military instruction. Will she walk the streets on her lawful occasions? Will she be followed by female bulldogs and will they be called "bitches"? Will they wear bowlers? What will Dr. Whiteman wear? Will Dr. Whiteman advertise her presence on the streets as the woman in white? All these are questions which I cannot answer. I only know that she will not attend the formal ceremony of admission this month. The home of lost causes in this appointment either lives up to its name or is more liberal, up to date and realistic than that label suggests. Some still say that women have not yet made the grade in public life. But these anti-feminists must by now be a dwindling minority. Dr. Whiteman's appointment may clean up the streets of Oxford and strike real terror into the hearts of wilful undergraduates,

When Barnacles, the Freshman
Is asked his name and college,
And when he must the fatal facts
Reluctantly acknowledge.

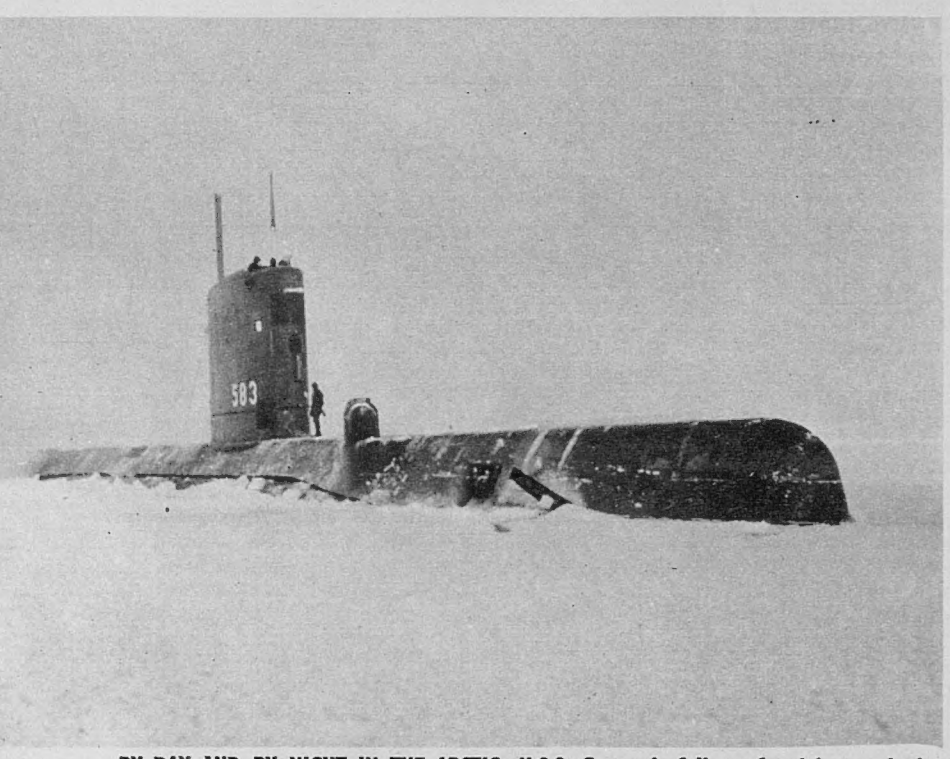
THE OLD STAGER

"SARGO" IN THE ARCTIC

The Third U.S. Submarine to Visit the North Pole

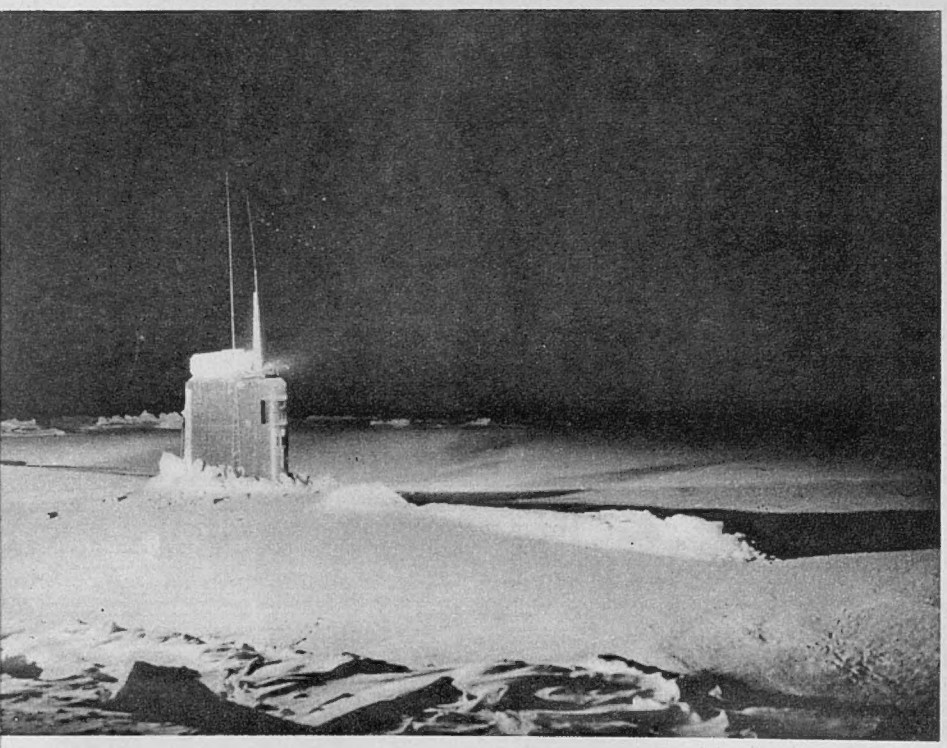
The United States nuclear-powered submarine *Sargo* recently became the third vessel to visit the North Pole. The first submerged crossing of the North Pole was made by the *Nautilus* on August 3, 1958. Six days later the *Skate* completed the second crossing. *Skate* made a second Arctic trip the following March, this time surfacing at the North Pole. *Sargo* is in the same class of submarine as the *Skate*. She was laid down in February 1956, and was completed in October 1958. There are two other ships in the "Skate" class: *Seadragon* and *Swordfish*. They are each powered by a Westinghouse water-cooled reactor driving geared turbines to give a surface speed of 15 knots and a submerged speed of about 19 knots. Their hull configurations are the same as that of the *Nautilus*, the world's first atomic ship. The *Sargo's* recent trip began at Pearl Harbour in January. Her cruise under the ice-pack in the Arctic covered 2,744 miles.

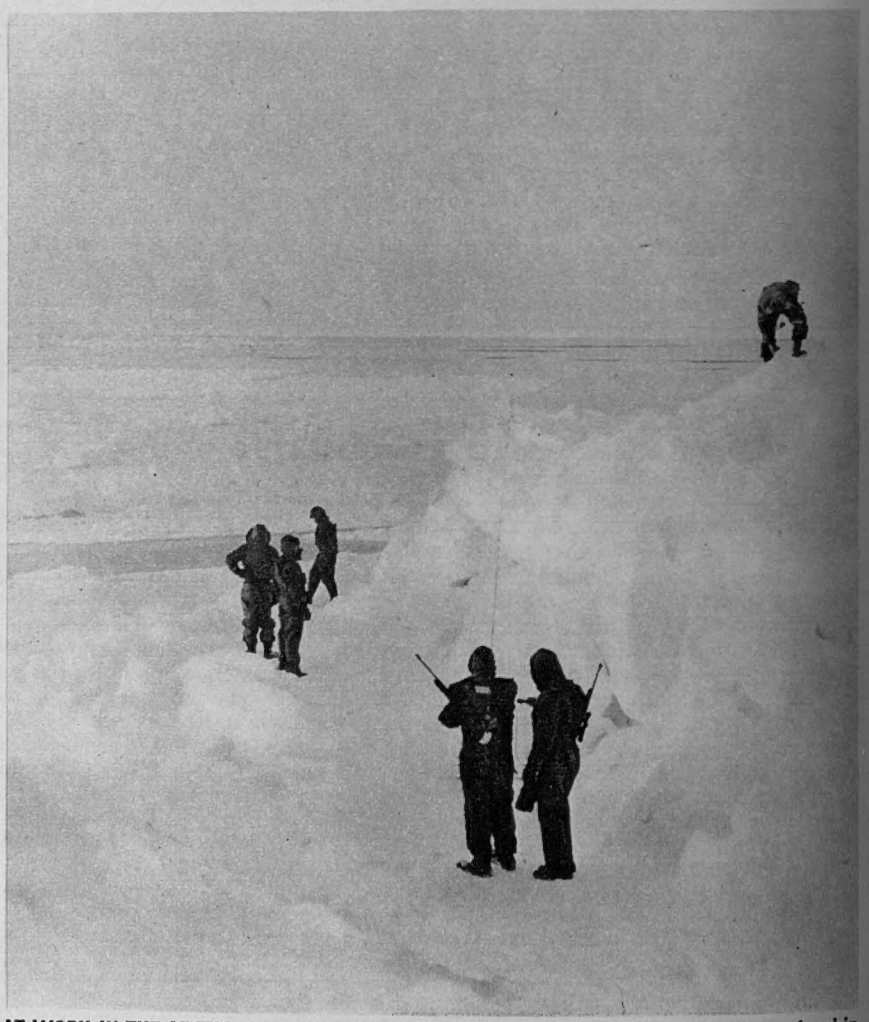
U.S.S. "SARGO" AT THE NORTH POLE: Only the conning-tower of the nuclear-powered submarine shows above the ice. Members of the *Sargo's* crew are exploring the polynia (the hole in the ice) through which the vessel surfaced. *Sargo* is the third U.S. submarine to visit the North Pole.



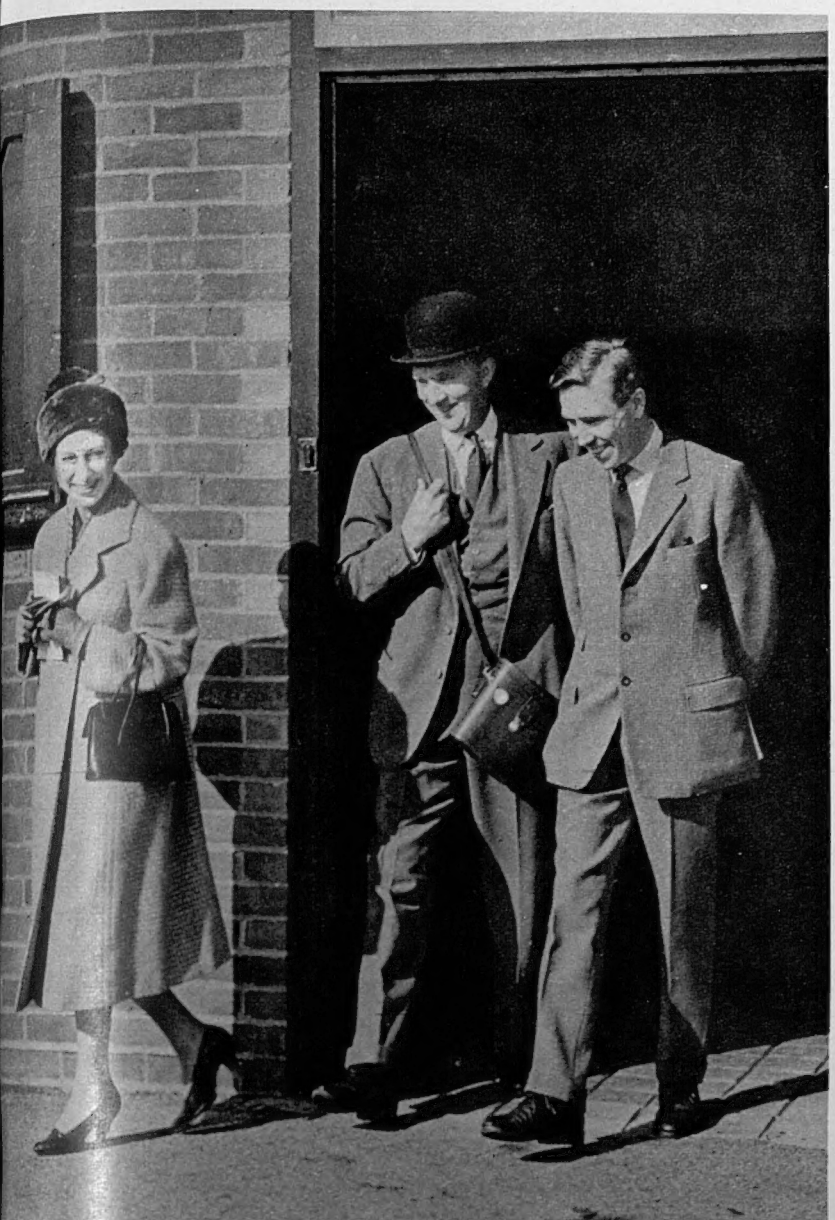
On left—
A CEREMONY AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD: Hawaiian members of the *Sargo's* crew prepare to raise their State's flag at the North Pole. The Hawaiian flag was hoisted at McMurdo Sound, in the southern polar regions, in October 1959.

BY DAY AND BY NIGHT IN THE ARCTIC: U.S.S. *Sargo* is fully-surfaced in a polynia. *Below*—The conning-tower of the nuclear-powered submarine is seen above the ice at night. *Sargo* cruised under the Arctic ice for almost fifteen days.





AT WORK IN THE ARCTIC: An exploration party is at work on a ridge not far from the ship. Investigations were made to obtain data about the ice. Scientists also collected information about the sea bottom and the ocean through which the vessel cruised.



BEFORE THE START OF A RACE: Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones are accompanied by Mr. Peter Cazalet, during their tour of the stables. The Princess and her fiancé also went to the unsaddling enclosure after the Queen Mother's horse, Sparkling Knight, had finished third in one of the races.

A DAY AT THE RACES

Princess Margaret and Her Fiancé Visit Newbury

On left—

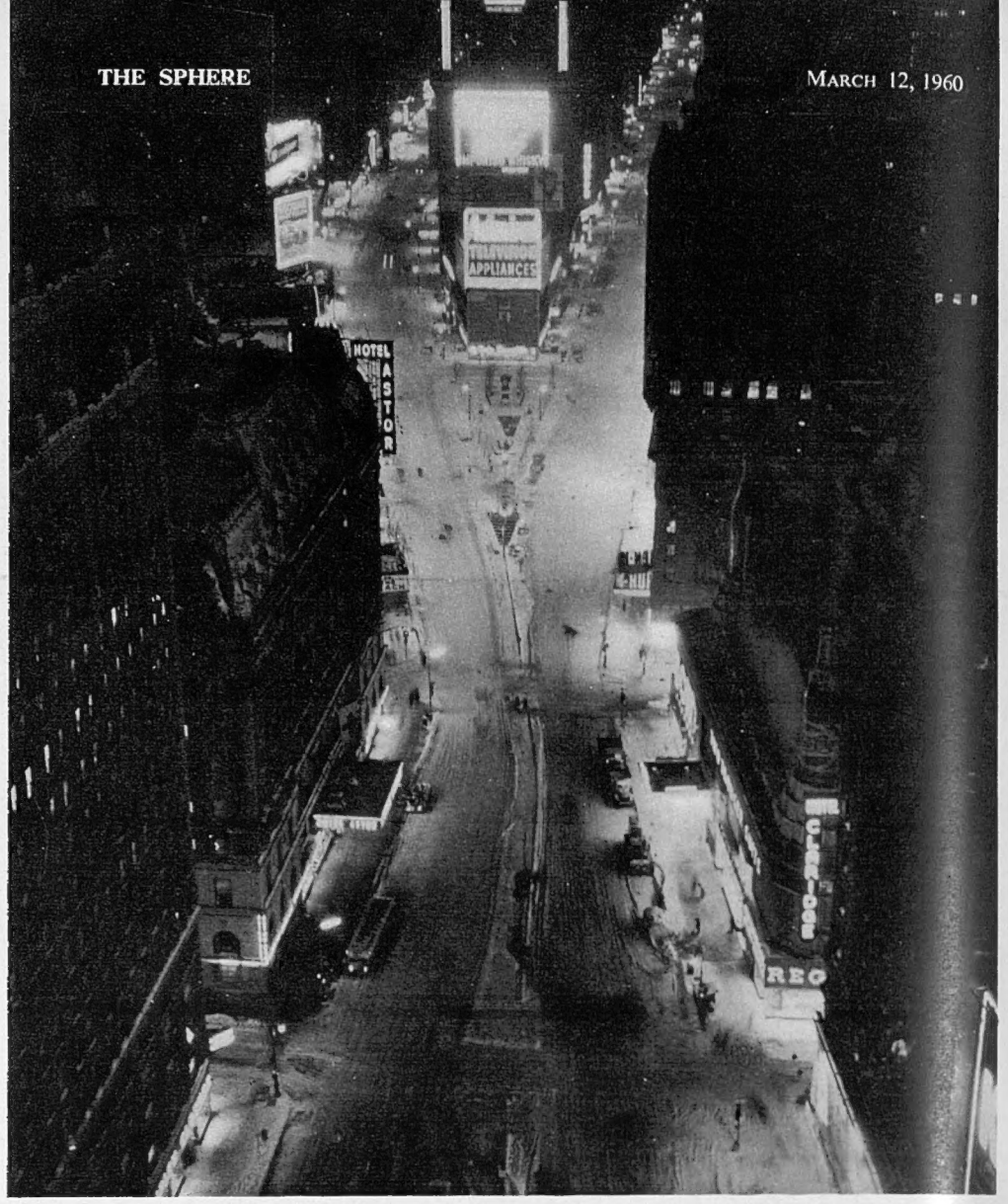
A TOUR OF THE STABLES: Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, are seen inside the stables when they stopped to look at one of the horses during their visit to Newbury races. They spent the day at Newbury with the Queen Mother, who had two horses running in two races. Another horse, Out of Town, was withdrawn after the jockey had been thrown before the start of the Eastleigh Handicap Hurdle. The Royal party, who had travelled by train to Newbury, had luncheon with the stewards. After the last race they left by car for Royal Lodge, Windsor, where they spent the week-end.

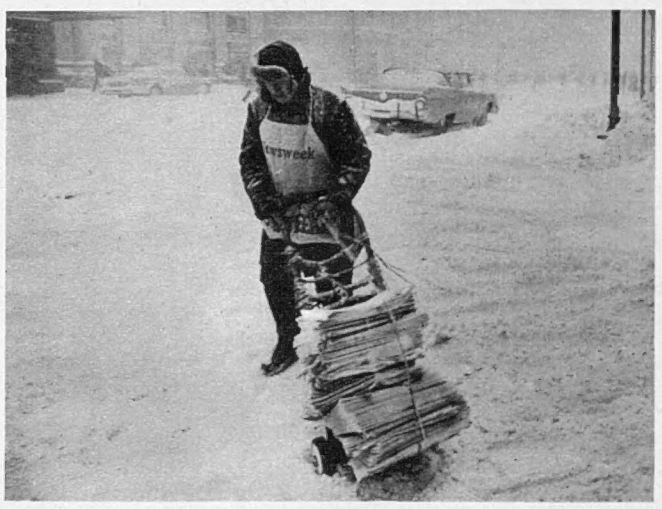
ALL SMILES: The Princess and her fiancé are walking through the paddock shortly after their arrival for the afternoon's racing. *On left*—A pause for conversation. (Pictures of the newly-engaged couple at the Royal Opera House are on pages 390 and 391.)

NEW YORK IN THE SNOW

Thousands Unable to Get Home After the Worst Blizzard for Twelve Years

AFTERMATH OF THE BLIZZARD: Two youths equipped with shovels trudge through the thick snow covering New York after the worst winter storm for twelve years. Snow reached a depth of over 14 ins.; a spell of intense cold, which followed during last week-end, hindered clearance work, and traffic to the city and in its streets was disrupted. When the storms reached New York, thousands of commuters to the outer suburbs were prevented from getting home and had to spend the night in hotels, in cots in Red Cross shelters, or on benches in the railway stations. Schools in New York and many parts of the United States were closed and the city's parks were filled over the week-end with schoolchildren engaged in snowball fights. In Boston the blizzard was reported to be the worst March storm on record and many places in New England and the Middle West had record low temperatures—at Le Mars, in Iowa, it was 18 degrees below zero. As the blizzards blew themselves out, their death-roll in the U.S. rose to 160.





A DESERTED TIMES SQUARE: A few minutes before midnight on Friday of last week, the bright lights of the famous square shine on the snow and cars abandoned on the kerbs. Snow fell for twenty-six hours in Manhattan, reaching a depth of 14.2 ins. and over 2 ft. in the suburbs. In places there were drifts over ten feet deep.

On left—

STRUGGLING THROUGH THE SNOW: In New York, a newsvendor hauls bundles of newspapers on a trolley along Seventh Avenue. The pillars on the right form part of the facade of Pennsylvania Station.

LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY: Traffic moves slowly along the famous street towards Times Square. In the background is the triangular Times Building. The snow halted traffic for some hours.

A WINTRY SCENE IN NEW YORK: Cars have almost disappeared under the snow covering West 124th Street in Upper Manhattan. It was estimated that 10,000 men using over 2,000 vehicles worked in the bitter cold to clear the streets of the city. Many aeroplane flights from La Guardia and Idlewild were cancelled.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ARMS EXPLOSION IN HAVANA HARBOUR: The wreckage of a building smoulders in the docks of the capital of Cuba after the French freighter *La Coubre*, loaded with arms and ammunition, had blown up. It was reported that at least forty people were killed and over 100 injured.

ALLEGATIONS OF SABOTAGE: In the right background smoke rises from the freighter *La Coubre* in Havana Harbour. The munitions she was carrying were for the Cuban Army. On the following day there was a mass funeral service for the victims of the disaster, most of whom were members of the ship's crew, stevedores or passers-by. In his oration at the funeral, Dr. Castro, the Cuban Prime Minister, caused a sensation by alleging that the explosion had been caused by sabotage, and that "some officials of the United States Government" were responsible. These charges were indignantly denied in Washington.

THE FIRST NEGRO CARDINAL: Bishop Laurian Rugambwa of Tanganyika was designated a Cardinal by the Pope last week. Aged forty-seven, he will be the second youngest member of the Sacred College. Also in the list of seven new Cardinals were the first Japanese and Filipino to be elevated to be Princes of the Roman Catholic Church.

THE FILIBUSTER IN THE U.S. SENATE: *Left*—Senator Wayne Morse (Democrat) waves a closure petition he is proposing to file to end the record-breaking filibuster. *Right*—Senator Morton (Republican) shows how he tore up the petition. He said that he did so after permission had been refused for it to be moved.

On left—

When the United States Senate rose for a recess last Saturday it had been in continuous session for 125 hours and 31 minutes, with only one brief intermission of 15 minutes. A new record had been established for round-the-clock sessions in Washington, and the filibuster was expected to be continued in the debate which was due to be resumed on the highly controversial Civil Rights Bill on Monday of this week. Two reasons were given for the week-end recess. One was to prevent offence to Sabbatarian opinion. The other, expressed by Senator Lyndon Johnson, that "every man has the right to his Saturday night bath."

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN ALGERIA: General de Gaulle meets officers at an outpost at Catinat and discusses with them the operations against the Algerian Nationalists. His tour in North Africa last week was confined to military installations. From reports of statements made by the President some confusion arose concerning his future intentions in Algeria. Before he left, it seemed that his proposal for self-determination remained unaltered, but that he hoped for "an Algerian Algeria linked with France." (De Gaulle in France, see page 387.)

A SON FOR THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: The Japanese Prime Minister, Mr. Nobusuke Kishi (standing), speaks at an imperial banquet at the Imperial Palace in Tokyo on the occasion of the naming ceremony of the baby born to Prince Akihito and Princess Michiko a week before. The infant was given the name and title of Naruhito Hironomiya at the traditional ceremony last week. He also underwent the ritual of yuabi-no-gi, or the first bath, at the Imperial Household Hospital. The title Hironomiya means "prince of serenity" and the name Naruhito is from the Chinese characters signifying virtue, affection, omniscience, moral perfection and humanity, taken from the Confucian doctrine.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A TUG FOUNDERS IN THE THAMES: The *Sunfish* is roped to the two Port of London Authority lighters which had raised her. *Right*—The salvaged tug is towed away by another tug and a P.L.A. lighter. The chief engineer of the *Sunfish* was lost when the tug capsized and sank near Tower Bridge on Friday of last week. The boat had been towing a cargo vessel with another tug. While manœuvring she heeled over and sank quickly. The other five members of the crew swam to safety. The sunken tug blocked the main channel of the Thames and brought all heavy river traffic to a standstill; colliers and cargo ships could not reach the Upper Pool of London. One theory put forward for the cause of the accident was that the tow rope from the *Sunfish* passed underneath her keel during manœuvres, so that when the tow-rope tightened she capsized.

On right—

THE MARATHON WALK FROM JOHN O' GROATS: Alfred Rozentals, a thirty-one-year-old Nottinghamshire miner and walking champion, receives chocolate from a well-wisher as he passes through Airdrie. By last Sunday the three leaders in the 1,000-mile walk to Land's End—Rozentals, Keith Carrington, of York, and John Grundy, of Wakefield—had reached Preston, first place having been occupied alternately by Rozentals and Carrington. David Robinson, the bearded Bermudian who had held the lead for the first few days of the race, was lying in fifth place. The women were led by Mrs. Beryl Randle, of Walsall.

DISCUSSING THE GUILLEBAUD REPORT: At the conference of the Executive Committee of the Transport Salaried Staffs' Association are, from left, Mr. S. Douglas, Senior Assistant Secretary; Mr. W. J. P. Webber, General Secretary; and Mr. R. A. Gunther, President. The Union welcomed the report on railwaymen's pay, published just before last week-end, and objected to the suggestion that its proposals should be implemented in three phases. The Guillebaud Committee recommended wage increases ranging from 8 per cent. to 18 per cent. The increases would probably cost the country from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 annually.

GHANA DAY IN LONDON: The Rev. Austen Williams, the Vicar of St. Martin-in-the Fields, greets the High Commissioner for Ghana, Mr. E. O. Asafu-Adjaye, and his wife on their arrival for the service in London to mark the third anniversary of Ghana's independence. On the same day in Accra the draft Constitution for a Republic of Ghana was published. If the Ghanaian Parliament approves its terms, the document will be submitted to a referendum in April, which will also be the means of electing the President. Early this week it was believed Dr. Nkrumah would be nominated for this post.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE AT ROMSEY ABBEY FOR LADY MOUNTBATTEN After the service Lord Mountbatten shakes hands with the Vicar, Canon W. E. Norris. On the right is Queen Louise of Sweden, Lady Mountbatten's sister-in-law, and to her right are Lady Brabourne and Lady Pamela Hicks, Lady Mountbatten's daughters; and Mr. David Hicks and Lord Brabourne. Another memorial service was held last Monday at Westminster Abbey. Among those attending were the Duke of Edinburgh; the Queen Mother; Princess Margaret; the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester; and the Duchess of Kent.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: General de Gaulle is welcomed during his five-day tour of Southern France. He made speeches in many places about French unity and the Summit, which he described on one occasion as "a discussion which must be embarked upon if we wish to avoid war." Referring to the French atom bomb, he declared France would willingly take part in a disarmament programme with the other nuclear powers. Last week General de Gaulle flew to Algeria for a three- or four-day tour of army units. It was also announced that Mr. Macmillan is to stay with the President at Rambouillet on March 12 and 13.

A GIFT FROM AUSTRALIA FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER: Accompanied by Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Australia in the United Kingdom, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother walks along the pavement on her arrival at Australia House, in the Strand, London. The visit on Wednesday of last week was to receive a cabinet of Australian wines which had been presented to the Queen Mother by the Federal Viticultural Council of Australia.

A COMMONWEALTH OFFICIAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Alhaji Abdu Maliki, the Commissioner for the Federation of Nigeria in the United Kingdom, examines the insignia of his appointment as a C.B.E. after the investiture held by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on Tuesday of last week. On the Federal Commissioner's right is Mr. Abbe Jiddum Gana, the Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, and on his left, Mr. Ade Martins, the Principal Secretary of the Federal Commission. Assuming his present office in 1958, Alhaji Abdu Maliki was formerly Commissioner for Northern Nigeria.

On left—

A MEMBER OF THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY ? Mrs. Marga Boodts walks in the gardens of her villa at Nobiallo, Italy. In the background is the Lake of Como. Mrs. Boodts has claimed that she is Olga Romanov, the eldest daughter of the last Tsar of Russia, Nicolas II, and the only survivor of the massacre of the Imperial family by the Bolshevists. She is reported to have said that she has thirty-two documents to prove her claim. Mrs. Boodts stated that she kept her status a secret for so many years because of a promise which she made to ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, when he was in exile in Holland forty years ago.

ROYAL VISITORS TO PAKISTAN: The Shah of Persia and his wife, Queen Farah, sit together during a reception given them when they visited a public school in Lahore. The Royal couple arrived in Pakistan on February 20, on the same day as President Bayar of Turkey began his visit to the country. The first few days of the visit were spent informally; the Shah and the Queen went duck-shooting with Field-Marshal Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, and took part in a fishing expedition. Later, the three heads of State met in Lahore, where it was thought there were political discussions.

A MEMBER OF THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY IN AFRICA: Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands poses with members of his party shortly after his arrival at Khartoum Airport. At the end of last month the Prince of the Netherlands arrived in Sudan for a two-day official visit. Before returning to the Netherlands he had talks on economic matters with the President, Ferik Ibrahim Aboud, and the Minister of Finance.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A BREAK IN THE CYPRUS TALKS: At the tea table in the grounds of Government House, Nicosia, are from the left—Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish Cypriot leader; Mr. Julian Amery, the Colonial Under-Secretary; Archbishop Makarios and Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor. Mr. Amery flew to the island last month to continue the talks on the controversial question of the bases to be retained by Britain in the independent Republic of Cyprus.

On right—

BRITISH TRADE WITH EGYPT: Dr. Abdel Moneim el-Kaissouny, Egyptian Minister for Trade and Economy, shakes hands in Cairo with the Hon. H. G. Nelson, managing director of the English Electric Group of Companies. A British trade mission led by Mr. Nelson had arrived to discuss industrial and trade relations. It was sponsored jointly by the F.B.I. and the Advisory Council on Middle East Trade.

On left—

CABINET CRISIS IN ITALY: Signor Segni, the Italian Prime Minister, jokes with reporters at the Quirinale Palace, in Rome. He had just informed President Gronchi that his Government had decided to resign. Cause of the crisis was an announcement from the Liberals that they were withdrawing their support for Signor Segni and his Christian Democratic minority Government. The Liberals alleged the Segni Cabinet's policies were inclining too far to the Left. In some circles Signor Segni was accused of disregarding parliamentary prerogatives by not putting himself to the test of a vote before resigning.

THE CYCLONE ON MAURITIUS: Twisted wreckage and debris lie along the side of a street in a community in Mauritius after the island in the Indian Ocean had been struck by a cyclone for the second time this year. First reports of the disaster gave at least ten people killed and many thousands were stated to be homeless. For fourteen hours Mauritius suffered the rage of winds which reached 160 miles an hour. The Royal Naval cruiser *Gambia* was ordered to sail from Ceylon with medical and other supplies. In London it was believed that the aid being given by the U.K. Government to Mauritius because of the previous cyclone in January, when there was also extensive damage, would undoubtedly be greatly increased.

MR. MBOYA RETURNS IN TRIUMPH TO KENYA: The African Nationalist leader is given an enthusiastic welcome on his arrival at the airport of Nairobi on his return from London. Shortly afterwards Mr. Mboya addressed a vast audience of several thousand Africans crammed in a stadium. He was greeted by deafening shouts of "Uhuri!" ("Freedom!") and gave his audience his views on the results of the Kenya Conference in London. Disorder was reported at the end of the meeting. When Mr. Mboya left by car he was followed by a large crowd of Africans who refused to obey his request to disperse. Tear-gas was used by the police and there was some stone-throwing.

World Affairs

GERMAN CASTLES IN SPAIN

By JOHN CONNELL

AT St. Germain in 1570 there was signed, after a great deal of hard bargaining, a Treaty between the King of France and his Huguenot subjects, lately in rebellion against him. In a brilliant novel, called *The Negotiators* —it won the Prix Goncourt in 1958—Mr. Francis Walder has brought to life those ancient, tortuous, and superficially not very exciting proceedings. His narrator, the King's chief representative, a very experienced and very sophisticated diplomatist, recalls the whole affair, sitting by the fire in his home in Languedoc more than twenty years later.

The book should be required reading for every commentator on international affairs. It is infinitely more instructive than any textbook on diplomacy yet I have not seen that here in England it has had any serious attention from any critic competent to understand it. This may be because I find most novel reviews in this country nowadays so insolently bad that I have ceased to read them. The book, therefore, came into my hands by accident, and it happened that I was reading it when the storm over Western Germany's effort to obtain bases in Spain was at its height. I think that episode, which in its course and in its implications aroused every instinct of professional awareness and professional resolution that I possess, and this subtle and searching novel, are permanently fused in my recollection, each, in some fashion which I find it difficult to analyse, illuminating and a little distorting the other.

The book's first chapter opens didactically and challengingly: "Truth is not the contrary of falsehood: to betray is not the contrary of to serve: to hate is not the contrary of to love: trust is not the contrary of distrust, nor honesty of deceit."

Fatigued sophistry, phrased in a series of somewhat self-conscious paradoxes, or one of the most mindlessly penetrating observations ever made both on the processes of diplomacy and on their ultimate effect on the human spirit?

I have already confessed to having been stirred far more deeply by the issue of Germany's approaches to Spain than, I think, was to be expected in a writer of my background and outlook. I admit that the disturbance and disquiet which I experienced were emotional as much as intellectual. But it was and is that kind of issue, in its own way as much of a touchstone of one's personal, as well as political, sense of truth and right conduct as Munich or Suez.

I have come to the conclusion that there are two main types of political and diplomatic commentator: first, there are those who look at any specific issue from the point of view of the manipulator or forecaster, who are interested only in predicting or arranging its consequences; and second, there are those whose principal aim is to understand and record, who regard the matter historically from the outset.

I know that I am unequivocally of the latter kind. Over this business of the German bases, for example, I wanted to know—I still want to know—what happened and how and why: if these facts can be ascertained, I am content to let the other kind of commentator, along with his kindred spirit and rival, the politician, take over. But I want—and a perverse and vainglorious ambition I daresay it is—to establish, or help to establish, the truth.

And then I am confronted immediately with the lapidary force of that observation: "Truth is not the contrary of falsehood." From its obscure (and, seemingly, cunning) outset, the whole story of these negotiations is wrapped in perplexity, evasion and equivocation. Who approached whom and when? Who kept whom informed—or did not? Were the negotiations, however maladroit, however infelicitous their outcome, conducted in the spirit, as well as the procedural framework of NATO? Who spotted the dangerous implications and why? Who blabbed to whom and when? And who thereafter ducked, wriggled, lied and blustered, in a series of futile attempts to retrieve the irretrievable?

I have tried, through the fog of argument, to discover a few salient facts and arrange them in their proper order. "Only connect," said E. M. Forster, "only connect." This injunction is as relevant to the study of diplomacy as to writing a novel. Let us attempt to connect.

The Federal Republic, having, after an early much-paraded reluctance, got its rearmament programme under way, discovered during 1959 that this programme was being logistically restricted by the lack of training, storage and other facilities. Approaches for assistance in getting over these difficulties were made to several other NATO countries, including the United Kingdom, with the egregious, two-pronged and (in my view) not particularly convincing explanation that Western Germany is physically so small, and all her available military facilities are so obviously under the control of her allies, Britain, America and others, that she must look elsewhere if she wants to get her forces up to the requisite standards of efficiency and preparedness. Nobody was willing to oblige. Late last year a Spanish political mission of some consequence went to Bonn.

THE CAUSE OF A NEW INTERNATIONAL UPROAR OVER GERMANY: In this picture taken outside No. 10, Downing Street, in May of last year, Herr Strauss, the West German Defence Minister, is on the right. Herr Herwarth, the German Ambassador, is second from left. At that time Herr Strauss was paying a visit to Britain. Last month he was a key figure in the uproar over reports that West Germany was negotiating for military bases in Spain.

Who made the first approach? Herr Strauss, the West German Defence Minister, is generally believed to have been principally concerned. At some stage, it is clear, the Western Allies were told at least part of what was going on. The British Government said that they thought that the project was unwise. But when this mild comment—it could hardly be construed as an interdict—was made, how far, in fact, were the Germans committed? Why did they reject the warning and proceed with the negotiations? When did they realise—or, until too late, did they ever realise—what would be the attitude of General Norstad, a remarkably astute and far-seeing officer, who has been able, far more than any of his predecessors, to think of NATO as a whole.

From these questions we emerge, for one moment, to a small plateau of certainty. When General Norstad discovered what was going on without the cognisance of the dominant partners in NATO he decided to take action. The newspapers first got an inkling of what was afoot on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 23. So far as the United Kingdom's reactions were concerned the Foreign Office was, at first, entirely candid and matter-of-fact. The truth was stated, so far as it was known, and there was no attempt at all to guide, comment, or to damp down criticism of Germany's actions.

But between Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning someone had second thoughts. These coincided with the full swirl of Bonn's denials, blusterings, evasions, counter-accusations and (not to put too fine a point on it) whopping lies. My own favourite in the last category was *Der Mittag's* story that Britain had been after the same facilities in Spain herself. This was uproariously and most revealingly in character; it could almost have been the late Dr. Goebbels or one of his henchmen speaking.

The German attitude, however, would not have mattered in the least had it been accompanied by—or rather, countered by—any firmness or any statesmanship on the part of the British and U.S. Governments. When both of these skidded and back-pedalled off into a soft, slithery welter of disingenuousness, the heart of this commentator at least grew very cold.

I have asked myself, as humbly as I can, whether I am, on my side in our domestic politics, quite alone in being deeply concerned. Was the Foreign Secretary, for whom I have made my personal affection and admiration abundantly clear, well-advised to treat the M.P.s who raised this matter in Parliament with quite so soldierly a brusqueness? Was that sincere and devoted Hispanophile, Mr. E. D. O'Brien, right to dismiss the whole affair (in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*) as "all my eye and Kingsley Martin"? And was Peter Simple, in the same newspaper a day or two later, fair to begin one of his more caustic comments with the phrase "all this bleating about German bases in Spain"?

Anyone whose adult memory goes back before 1939 has the right to be alarmed and suspicious about any kind of military connection between Western Germany and a Spain still ruled by General Franco. Anyone who takes the Atlantic Alliance seriously, and who believes (as I do) that in fullness of understanding and unity of purpose between the partners in that Alliance lie the best hopes of diminishing tension and continuing peace in Europe, has a right to be disturbed not only by what the Germans set out to do, but by their method of pursuing that purpose (with its distasteful mixture of pig-headedness, duplicity, arrogance and self-pity).

This attitude is by no means confined to the Left in Britain. It is very widespread among people whom Kingsley Martin would be appalled to think of as allies. I can understand the State Department complaining wistfully about the persistent anti-Germanism in Britain, which it strives strenuously to counteract—strenuously, but not, I hope, too successfully.

But I can only object strongly if the British Government, and powerful and influential Conservatives, try to support the State Department in this foolish and ill-conceived activity. I should dearly like to disentangle motives and intentions in this whole episode. I suspect that the unpleasant and devious narrator in *The Negotiators* expressed a rare degree of spiritual disillusionment with that opening sentence, "truth is not the contrary of falsehood." Over an issue like this of the German bases, one travels in a state of unhappy alertness, through the wasteland where the two meet and mingle.

This may have been necessary for the West Germans, for the Spanish, even for the Americans; but there was no need for the British Government to get into the mess; a little more candour, a little more foresight, and a clearer understanding of what people at large, and many of their own staunchest supporters, feel about Germany, would have helped a great deal.

THE FIRST PUBLIC ENGAGEMENT OF PRINCESS MARGARET SINCE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HER FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE: Her Royal Highness, and her fiancé, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, arrive at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for a gala performance in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. The Queen Mother was also present. A crowd outside the theatre gave the Princess a great welcome.

AT THE BALLET TOGETHER

The visit to the Royal Opera House by Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones was the first opportunity for public to greet the newly-engaged couple. A vast crowd assembled outside the theatre and there were cheers as the Royal party arrived from Clarence House. Inside, there was another enthusiastic reception when the audience turned towards the Royal Box as the Queen Mother, the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones made their way to their seats. Among those who met the Royal party on arrival at the Opera House were Lord Drogheda, Chairman of the Royal Opera House, and Dame Ninette de Valois. The programme of the gala was, as is traditional, made up of various divertissements displaying the brilliant talents of the Royal Ballet. Among those who appeared were Fonteyn and Somes.

INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE: Preceded by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret turns to smile at her fiancé as they walk up the stairs to the Royal Box. *On right*—Her Majesty stands to one side as the Princess acknowledges the applause.

EYES ON THE ROYAL BOX: The audience has turned towards the Royal Box to applaud the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones who are with the Queen Mother. As the applause continued, Her Royal Highness, who was wearing a dress of white satin, waved in acknowledgement. After the performance by the Royal Ballet the Queen Mother withdrew to the back of the box, leaving her daughter and her fiancé to receive another ovation. During the interval, the Princess received the leading dancers in a reception room.

"A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS"

The Wild Daffodil, or Lent Lily, is Not So Common as it Was, but Over 8,000 Garden Varieties of Daffodils were Listed in 1948 and New Hybrids are Always Being Introduced

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"WHEN the dykers are out the diddies are in." I suppose that I ought to translate that old south country saying. "Dykers" are daffodils and "diddies" is a shortened version of diddakai. Strictly speaking, a diddakai (pronounced *diddecoy*) is a person with some, often very little, Romani blood in his or her veins, who leads a gipsy-like life. But the word has now become more or less synonymous with "gipsy" over most of the country. True gipsies (Romanies), however, make a very clear distinction between themselves and diddakais and a sharp distinction between posh-rats (that is, half-caste gipsies: *posh* means half and *rat* means blood): they also draw a sharp distinction between diddakais and "mumpers," who are people leading a gipsy-like life, but with no Romani blood in their veins. These distinctions are still valid for the older generation of farm labourer, and even for some farmers, and also for fairground-folk, but for the rest, such is the effect of universal education, they have become blurred or dead.

However, to return to that saying: it is very true. When the dykers are in bloom, the diddies are in the towns, their baskets full, selling the flowers to townsfolk who are unable to go out and pick them for themselves, who probably would not know even where to look. This has been going on for a very long time.

> The boys are up the woods with day,
> To fetch the daffodils away,
> And home at noonday from the hills
> They bring no dearth of daffodils.

So wrote Housman in "The Shropshire Lad." Children in country districts still go out to pick them. But fewer now than when I was a boy, and nowadays I think that it is more often the girls who go out. But the chief picking is still, as it has always been, by the gipsies and the diddakais. This is so thorough, and has been going on for so long, that it has contributed in part, and perhaps no small part, to the fact that the wild daffodil, the Lent lily as it is called in some districts, is not now so common as once it was.

> Some short grassed fields
> The young spring fills
> With the never quiet joy of dancing daffodils.

Mr. Masefield has gone to the very heart of the matter in the first word of that verse. Some short-grassed fields have wild daffodils in plenty, and some, apparently equally suitable, have none. Some woods have wild daffodils in plenty, and some have none. I know fields and woods where they still grow in profusion, and I know some from which they have altogether disappeared. Although it is undoubtedly true that the wild daffodil is not now so common as once it was, it would be very far from true to describe it as at all uncommon. I think that the botanist's word, "frequent," just about describes the present situation.

Our wild daffodil (*Narcissus pseudo-narcissus*) is, I believe, the most widely distributed of all the trumpet daffodils, for it is as much a native of Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Northern Italy as it is of England. Yet oddly enough, it is sparsely distributed, uncommon even, in Spain and Portugal, which are pre-eminently the countries of the daffodil. I suppose that, strictly, you could not call our wild daffodil, remembering some of the garden varieties, an outstandingly beautiful flower, but no one could deny that it is a most charming flower, wherever it occurs. Its colour varies a little in different parts of the country, and these different colours, for there is no significant variation in the character of the plant, have been given different scientific names, which implies, of course, a sub-specific status.

I am no expert on this, but, speaking as a humble lover, it seems to me to be nonsense: mere naming for the sake of naming. I doubt very much if the variation in colour is inherent: I think that it is caused by environment. Consider the wild daffodils of field and wood. Even when the field adjoins the wood, even when they grow next door to each other, the flowers in the wood will be taller and paler. Sometimes one cannot escape the conclusion that names have been given rather hastily and without due thought. For example, there is a small pale, sometimes almost white, form which occurs in Derbyshire. This is commonly called *scoticus*, although it is also known as *humilis*, which is a much better name, but does not make it any easier for the non-specialist. It is called *scoticus* presumably, because it is also found in Southern Scotland. But the plant is certainly not indigenous to Southern Scotland: it has been introduced and naturalised there.

"DAFFODILS . . . TAKE THE WINDS OF MARCH WITH BEAUTY": A carpet of wild daffodils flowers under the cherry trees of an orchard at Teynham, in Kent. As well as figuring greatly in English verse, perhaps more so than most other flowers, wild daffodils are to be found in many parts of Europe, from Belgium and Germany to Northern Italy.

But this naming, so far as the daffodils are concerned, is altogether beyond me. I did try my best to get to the bottom of it, because scientific names are useful, indeed essential, even to the very amateur gardener. But I have long since given up. The nomenclature of the order seems to be in a state of constant revision and it is all much too confusing for my simple mind.

Mark you, there is nothing new about this. John Parkinson, writing about the nomenclature of daffodils, said: "There hath been great confusion." That was as long ago as 1629. In Parkinson's day only about ninety different kinds of daffodils were known, so he really had not got so much to worry about. (He describes in his fascinating account how new bulbs were brought in by travellers from France, Holland, Italy, Spain and Northern Africa.) But the Royal Horticultural Society's *Classified List of Daffodil Names*, published in 1948, lists over 8,000 varieties! And new varieties, new hybrids, are being introduced all the time.

Fortunately, the established popular varieties all have common English names. Some of them are very old-established. Unlike so many plants, unlike even roses, daffodils do not easily go out of fashion. Consider what is probably the most popular of all daffodils, "King Alfred." That was originally introduced in 1899: you would, I think, have difficulty in finding a rose still in commerce, which was originally introduced as long ago as that. But there are daffodils still popular which are much, much older than "King Alfred." I am no botanical historian, but I should reckon that "Emperor," "Empress," "Weardale Perfection" and "W. P. Milner" (a little rock-garden daffodil) have all been in commerce for more than eighty years. And they still take some beating. I think that this is one of the two great qualities of the daffodil: that it is so consistently reliable. The other is beauty.

I suppose, to-day, only the rose out-does the daffodil in popularity. Yet, how often have I heard someone, looking at my daffodils (which, by the way, are nothing out of the ordinary), admit their beauty and then say something about "what a pity that they have so short a season." As if that was to be held against them! All flowers have their season, and some are shorter than others. But it simply is not true that that of the daffodil is very short. Without any trouble, simply by choosing your varieties with care, you can have daffodils in bloom from February at least until the end of May. And, of course, you can have daffodils in flower earlier than that. There is a dwarf species from Spain and Portugal which I have always known as *Narcissus minimus*, but which is now known as *N. asturiensis* (those names again!), which flowers with me about the middle of January. It is a mere 4 ins. high, but it is a beautiful gold and it has lovely broad trumpets. In our grim January it is a delight indeed.

I do not know that the daffodil has the reputation of being "choosey," I think not. But I have found that some varieties are very "choosey" and simply will not do with me. I am not an expert. My gardening is very haphazard and would horrify the expert. So this may well be my fault. Be that as it may, and I think that it must be my fault, though I do not know why, one of the varieties which will not do with me is *Narcissus hispanicus*. In case you do not recognise it under that name, which is surely its correct name, this is the plant which you will find listed in some catalogues as *N. maximus* and in others as *N. maximus superbus*, a good example of gilding the lily. I have tried it time and again; and it is not a new plant, a novelty or anything like that. It has been grown in England for a great many years, perhaps since Parkinson's day, so there is no question of lack of acclimatisation. But it just refuses to grow. So, oddly enough, does our native wild daffodil, the Lent lily.

This sort of thing is very disappointing. But how wonderful are those daffodils that like me! There are many of them. Some I grow in herbaceous borders; some I grow as indoor bulbs, and then plant outside in the grass, whether they are said to be suitable for that purpose or not. I never know, anyway. I do not take any trouble over the planting: I do not plant at particular depths or anything like that. I do not even bother to enrich the soil. I just take a trowel, dig a little hole, and pop the bulb in. I have been doing it for years, and my naturalised daffodils have flourished exceedingly. I do not lift them every so often, as I am sure I should: I just leave them. Some must now, I should think, have been flowering for all of thirty years. It is a chummy and gregarious plant, the daffodil: give it the company of its kind, and, if it likes you, it will flourish and multiply.

So now, after all these years, there is a many-shaded golden carpet to delight my eye, to bring me solace in February, joy in March. C. Day Lewis wrote:

> Now the full-throated daffodils
> Our trumpeters in gold,
> Call resurrection from the ground
> And bid the year be bold.

They lift my spirits and make me bold, too. I look at my daffodils and think: if I've done that with you, I can do it with so-and-so. When I fail: well, there next year are the daffodils to wipe out disappointment.

THE DYING CITY OF AGADIR: The upper storeys and roof of a row of shops in the Moroccan resort have collapsed, although the ground floor is still standing. Rubble and broken glass litter the street. Several days after the earthquake and tidal wave, on Monday night of last week, rescue workers were still searching the ruined city and the death-roll was estimated to be at least several thousand.

AGADIR IN RUINS

The Aftermath of Morocco's Worst Earthquake

Agadir collapsed like a collection of card houses when the worst earthquake of Morocco's history struck the sunny holiday resort on the southern coast of the country. Just before midnight on Monday of last week came the violent upheaval lasting for about ten seconds. Immediately the town sounded with the roar of falling buildings and the cries of people trapped in the rubble. The air was full of flying stones. Agadir was plunged into darkness and communications with the outside world were cut. Seconds after the earthquake, a huge tidal wave poured into the town, past the ruins of the modern hotels on the seafront. Elsewhere in the town fires broke out. Throughout the night, as survivors struggled to free themselves from the mountains of rubble in which they were imprisoned, rescue teams from all over Morocco and many parts of Europe were organised.

In the sunlight of the following day it became clear that about 80 per cent. of the buildings in the modern "new town," and more than 90 per cent. of the thickly-populated Arab native quarter had been affected. The luxurious hotels were in ruins and the multi-storey flats were no more than rubble. Beds hung in fragments from the shattered walls, and cars parked in the deeply-fissured streets were buried in debris. The three storeys of the Gauthier Hotel were squashed into each other so that the building resembled nothing so much as a grotesque concrete layer cake.

For days afterwards, rescue teams searched the rubble for survivors. Many emergency operations were performed in the open air. As the work continued, it became clear that no precise figure would be obtained for the death-roll, which had mounted into thousands. It was estimated that there had been over 30,000 people in the town, including large numbers of tourists, some of whom were British. The town was evacuated, since there were grave fears that epidemics would break out after all the essential services had been cut. Many aircraft were used to fly the injured to hospitals elsewhere in Morocco, and to bring food supplies and medical equipment to Agadir.

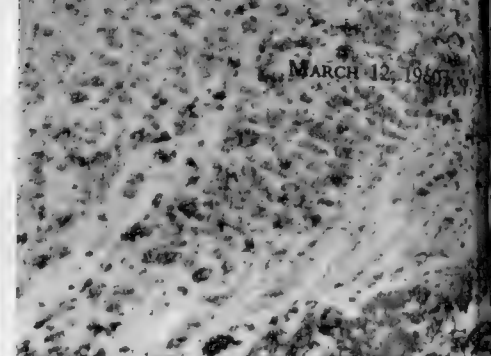
The Crown Prince directed rescue operations in the town, and King Mohammed V flew from Rabat. He ordered that all the unsafe buildings should be pulled down and the town should be completely rebuilt in a year. Among the areas destroyed was the ancient Casbah, erected about 1540. Throughout the area, 3,000 men of the Moroccan Army started on patrols, directing refugees and preventing looting. The affected area includes the Moorish town of Inezgane, about seven miles from Agadir. As far away as Moscow the earthquake registered strongly on seismographs.

On left—

AFTER THE DISASTER: Another view of the same row of shops in Agadir shows how the roof collapsed. A major proportion of the town was reported to be in ruins and over 30,000 people made homeless. There were large numbers of tourists in the modern hotels. Agadir was evacuated; there were fears of epidemics in the town, which was without water or light.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

THE DEVASTATION THAT WAS AGADIR: Rescue workers look at the remains of luxury flats in the Moroccan seaside resort. Among the buildings which collapsed into rubble were many of the modern hotels, the National Militia headquarters and the new central market, which had only just been built and had not been opened.

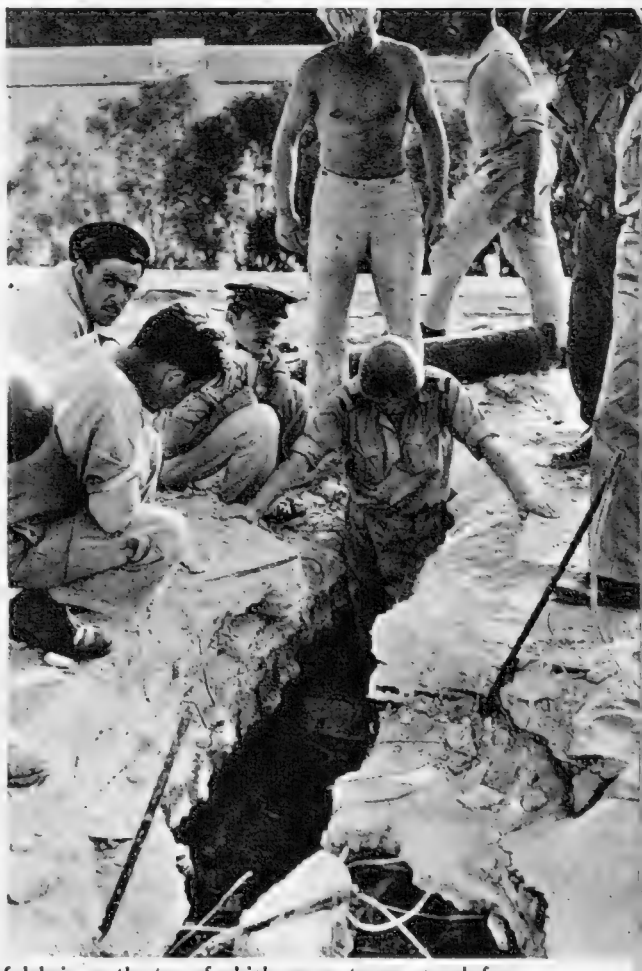


AGADIR IN RUINS

ONCE A MODERN HOTEL: The building lies squashed like
Left—A street of buildings lies in mounds of debri
upper storeys and others which have been sliced

REMINISCE[illegible] OF THE WORST DESTRUCTION OF THE LAST WAR: Cushions and bedding lie among the blocks of concrete and rubble in the native quarter in the north-west section of Agadir. According to newspaper reports the devastation was worst in this a[illegible]a and nearly all of the multi-storey blocks of flats were wrecked. It was thought that the casualties might well have b[illegible]en even heavier if the earthquake had not occurred during Ramadan, the month in which Muslims fast all day, and when [illegible]any go to all-night restaurants and cafés. Some of these escaped, being trapped in the rubble of their homes.

a concertina after each storey had collapsed on top of the next. is. In the background are houses, some of which have lost their in half. Rescue work amid the ruins continued all last week.



A CITY OF RUBBLE: *Above*—A French car lies buried in an avalanche of debris, on the top of which rescue teams search for people who may be trapped alive. *Right*—French soldiers and marines from the base near Agadir examine a deep crack in the road. Emergency supplies and teams of doctors and rescue workers were flown to the town.

AGADIR IN RUINS

On right—
SURVIVORS OF THE EARTHQUAKE: Visitors to one of Agadir's modern hotels sit outside the partly-ruined building surrounded by their luggage. There were reports from newspaper correspondents who flew to the devastated seaside resort that although a number of buildings remained standing, many of them were only shells, as the interior walls and floors had collapsed. The hotels in Agadir were full of foreign tourists at the time of the earthquake; many of them were believed killed or injured. A number of British tourists were flown home.

DAZED AMID THE WRECKAGE: Dressed in his pyjamas, a survivor sits on a pile of rubble as rescue workers gather to search the stricken area and free those who had been trapped alive in the ruins.

On left—
WHERE ONCE HE SLEPT: Carrying a salvaged travelling bag, a tourist in his pyjamas walks on the rubble towards the twisted sign of the Saada Hotel in Agadir. An eye-witness who saw the hotel in the European section collapse, said: "It came down so slowly you might have thought the building was groaning in pain." Nineteen survivors were brought out from the modern building after having been trapped under a concrete floor. Most of the new hotels of the sunny resort were ruined. It was estimated that there were over 300 tourists in Agadir at the time.

AT THE IMPROVISED CLEARING CENTRE: Some of the injured lie on stretchers inside an aircraft at the French naval air base outside Agadir. *Right*—In a hangar at the air base, wounded refugees lie on trestle beds. They were flown to hospitals all over Morocco.

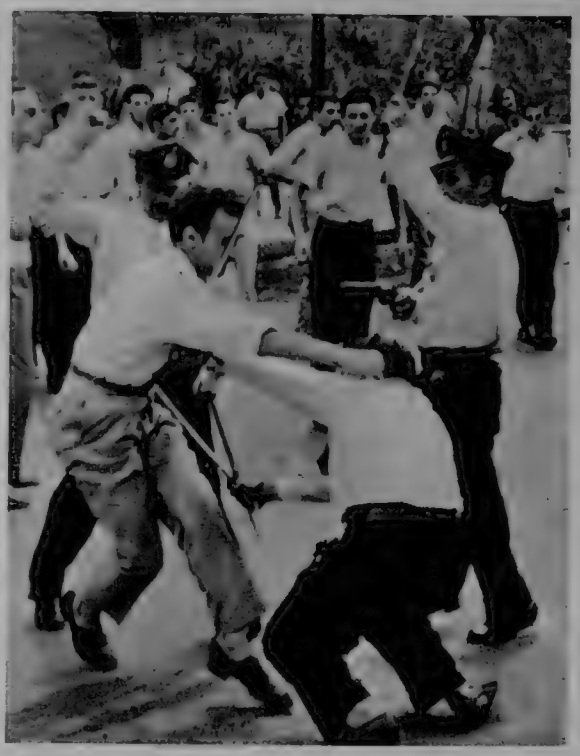
ON TOUR IN LATIN AMERICA

Demonstrations During President Eisenhower's Two-week Visit

At various places during his exhausting tour of South America, President Eisenhower encountered mixed receptions, although the majority of the crowds welcomed him enthusiastically. There were two minor incidents in Chile, involving supporters of Cuba's Dr. Castro, followed by fights in Montevideo on the U.S. President's arrival in the Uruguayan capital. He was given an exuberant welcome by thousands of people at the airport and was driven for 15 miles to the U.S. Embassy along a route marked by posters saying "I like Ike."

But near the University, students began demonstrating and fights broke out with the police. The Presidential car ran into a bank of tear-gas fired in an attempt to quell the students. When Mr. Eisenhower met members of the Government his eyes were smarting, although he was still smiling. Fears that Mr. Eisenhower would encounter in Latin America the same sort of hostile reception that Mr. Nixon was subjected to two years ago proved unfounded. He spent last weekend in Puerto Rico for a rest before returning to Washington.

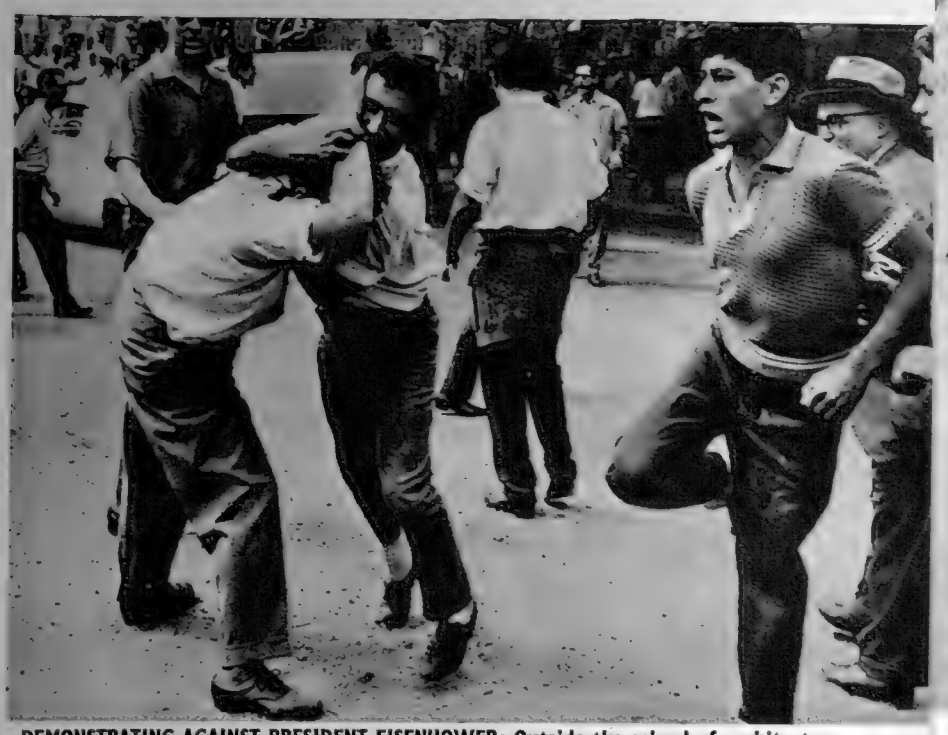
IN BUENOS AIRES: President Eisenhower stands in the back of the car as he is driven through the streets of the Argentinian capital on his way from the United States Embassy to Government House. The U.S. President made an extensive tour of Latin America, visiting Puerto Rico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Uruguay by the end of last week. Large crowds turned out in the various capitals and cities to see him.



On right—

IN MONTEVIDEO: During a demonstration on Mr. Eisenhower's arrival at the Uruguayan capital, police, one with a drawn revolver, attempt to arrest a student. Several fights broke out as Mr. Eisenhower was driven through the streets, meeting what was reported to be a lively and cheerful welcome. As the President passed the law school, his car ran into tear-gas which had been discharged. His eyes were still smarting when he greeted members of the Uruguayan Government.

STUDENT DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE URUGUAYAN CAPITAL: Montevideo police lead away a student, near the school of architecture of the University. Trouble began when students unrolled a large poster saying "Get out, Eisenhower," and fights occurred.



DEMONSTRATING AGAINST PRESIDENT EISENHOWER: Outside the school of architecture in Montevideo, students fight during a scuffle with the police. *Left*—Officials endeavour to restrain hostile demonstrators near the University building.

AT THE SQUAW VALLEY OLYMPICS: Raymond Gilloz (left), of France, and Jan Pesman, of Holland, cross the finishing-line together in a heat of the Men's 500-metre Speed Skating. Neither was placed in the final heat. The race was won by E. Grishin, of the Soviet Union, in a time equalling his own world record.

WINTER OLYMPICS

In Squaw Valley, California

As was expected, the Russians won more medals than any other nation in the eighth Winter Olympic Games at Squaw Valley, in California. In all they gained twenty: seven Gold, five Silver and eight Bronze. Germany, with four Gold Medals, took second place, and Norway, Sweden and the United States each won three Gold Medals. The British team, numbering only seventeen, were not placed in the first three positions in any of the events. The most notable British performance was that of T. Monaghan, who gained fifth place in the exhausting 10,000-metres Speed Skating.

Before the start of the Games and while they were in progress, great efforts were made to have the courses and rinks in perfect condition. Most of the competitors agreed that they had never raced on better-prepared surfaces. Competitors were given free meals and accommodation and one veteran Olympics official stated that the Games were "the best ever." Under the bright Californian sky, weather conditions were ideal from the competitors' and the spectators' point of view. In all it was estimated that almost 250,000 people went to see the Games. From the results it appears that while the Russians are the best all-round winter sportsmen, the Scandinavians can hold their own in cross-country and speed-skating events and the North Americans proved best figure skaters and hockey players. In the Alpine events no country was overwhelmingly superior.

AN AMERICAN GOLD MEDALLIST: Miss Carol Heiss executes a movement in the Women's Figure Skating contest. She won the event for the United States.

A RUSSIAN CHAMPION: Evgeni Grishin takes a bend in the Men's 500-metre Speed Skating, in which he repeated his victory of the 1956 Olympic Games.

A WINNER OVER A TROUBLESOME COURSE: In a flurry of snow, Ernst Hinterseer, of Austria, speeds down a slope during the Men's Slalom. Many of the competitors fell in the race won by Hinterseer. Austrians also took second and fifth places.

THE WOMEN'S GIANT SLALOM: The winner, Miss Yvonne Ruegg, of Switzerland, takes a bend in the closely-contested event. In second place was Miss Penny Pitou, of the United States, only 0.1 sec. behind. The first seven all finished within one second of the winning time.

THE FINAL EVENT OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS: Soaring through the air in the 80-metres Ski Jumping is Bengt Eriksson, of Sweden. The Gold Medal for the event was won by H. Recknagel; of the combined German team. The runner-up was N. Halonen, of Finland.

A GERMAN WINNER: Georg Thoma makes one of his three jumps in the Nordic Combination. Placed first in the ski jumping, he later took fourth position in the cross-country ski-ing to win the Gold Medal for the contest in the overall placings.

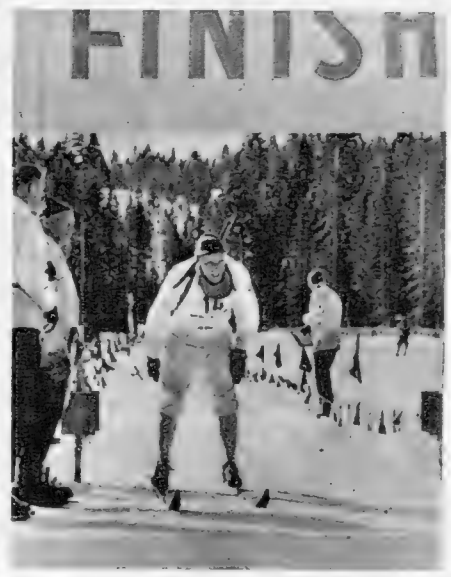
ICE HOCKEY IN THE WINTER OLYMPICS: The United States centre, Robert Cleary, lying on his back, scores a spectacular goal in the match against Canada. Beside Cleary is the Canadian goalkeeper, Donald Head. No. 2 is the Canadian left defence, Harry Sinden. The United States won the match 2—1, and afterwards went on to beat the Soviet Union team 3—2, and Czechoslovakia 9—4.

On right—

TRIUMPH FOR THE UNITED STATES: Nikolai Sologubov, of the Russian ice-hockey team, congratulates the captain of the winning American team, John Kirrane, on the victory stand at Squaw Valley. On the left is Kenneth Laufman, the captain of the Canadian team, which took second place. The Russian team, which won the Gold Medal in 1956, were third.

On right—

WINNING ONE OF SWEDEN'S THREE GOLD MEDALS: His rifle strapped across his shoulders, Klas Lestander passes the finishing-line to win the Biathlon. A new Olympic contest, the biathlon involves both rifle shooting and cross-country ski-ing. A. Tyrvainen, of Finland, was awarded second place.



AN UNSUCCESSFUL BRITISH CHALLENGE: Mrs. S. Holmes speeds down a slope in the Women's Giant Slalom. Of the forty-four competitors, four were British, of whom the best finished in thirty-third place.

The Sphere of Travel

ROUTE DES PYRENEES

Places to See on the Motor Coach Tour Along the Main Route from Biarritz to Carcassonne

By GORDON COOPER

FROM the Atlantic Ocean to the Mediterranean, the Pyrenees, a chain of mountains over 270 miles long, divide France from Spain. The Central Pyrenees are the loftiest, and the wildest. They stretch from the Pic d'Anie (commanding the valley of Aspe) to Puymorens Pass. All this region is composed of huge massifs that contain the only glaciers in the Pyrenees; almost all the peaks are over 10,000 ft. high. Many medicinal springs have been known here from ancient times. The Western Pyrenees are less grandiose but make up a region of many charms; the Basque country is one of the most famous and interesting holiday-grounds in France. The Eastern Pyrenees are quite different from the rest of the chain. Here the valleys run down to the Mediterranean, they are fertile and green, and contain many remarkable classical remains.

Although the Pyrenees are, on the whole, less startling and less dramatic than the Alps, yet they are more attractive, more romantic and more charming in their diversity, and have the advantage of being near a number of interesting cities which can be used as bases for excursions. There is Bayonne, a delightful old-world town; Pau, which for generations was a favourite winter resort of British visitors, while from its famous Boulevard des Pyrénées there is one of the classic panoramas of France, with as many as forty peaks clearly visible; Toulouse, a modern city of splendid buildings and ancient monuments; Carcassonne, the most perfect medieval town and fortress in Europe; and Perpignan, the half-Spanish capital of Roussillon, a city of light and colour. From any of these places you can easily reach the Route des Pyrénées which links up all the roads leading to this most delightful and exciting mountain-world in France.

This main road is beautifully engineered, passes through lovely scenery, and presents no terrors even for the most timid motorist. For those without a car, there is the fascinating Route des Pyrénées service by motor coach (controlled by French Railways) from Biarritz to Carcassonne. This is the route I will describe briefly.

Biarritz, especially during the "High Season," is a fashionable resort, but less so perhaps than in the old days when the Empress Eugénie, Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and the cream of society visited it. The air is magnificent, and there is usually a breeze from the sea which keeps the resort cool. It is, in fact, a splendid place for a holiday—as good as any seaside resort in France—and bathing is comfortably feasible to the end of October. The only drawbacks are the occasional rains and the mosquitoes.

First on the road comes St.-Jean-de-Luz, seaside resort and ancient port. It was here that Louis XIV was married, with extraordinary ceremony, to the Infanta Maria-Teresa of Spain in 1660. A beautiful corniche road leads towards the Spanish frontier, whence the first heights of the approaching Pyrenees can be clearly seen. Altogether, St.-Jean-de-Luz is a pleasant place at which to begin, or end, a tour of the Pyrenees. The beaches, however, are not quite as good as in its sister resorts.

From Hendaye, a frontier town and resort, the road begins to rise into the Pyrenees. Here are the hill villages, with their long-eaved, white houses, and the little churches against the side of which the curé may often be seen teaching the boys to play pelota (the ancestor, and still the fastest, of all tennis-type games). They tell the passer-by that he is in the Basque country, which remains as individual in character and appearance as it has been through the centuries.

Overlooking the Nive is Cambo-les-Bains, part of which is a pleasing little spa, renowned for its gentle winter climate. Next on the road is St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port, one of the most fascinating of the Pyrenean towns. It was for centuries a stopping-place on the pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela. It is a delightful spot for a holiday, with opportunities for a variety of walks and excursions; and it has good but fairly simple hotels.

Mauléon comes next on the road; it is a centre of a wild, mountainous district, rendered attractive by oak woods and heather-covered moors. It marks the end of the Basque country, the beginning of the Béarn. Passing Oloron, we enter the Central Pyrenees, with its snow-capped mountains and several delightful resorts: Argelès-Gazost, Arreau, Bagnères-de-Bigorre, Barèges, Cauterets, les Eaux-Bonnes, Luchon, and Luz St.-Sauveur. Then there is Lourdes and its grotto, too well known to be

FROM THE RAMPARTS OF CARCASSONNE: The view from the walls of the French fortified town is over the fields and woods of the Department of Aude. Carcassonne is the finishing-point of the motor coach tour along the Route des Pyrénées.

EXTENSIVE SERVICES TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

It is surprising how extensive are the air services in this country to the Channel Islands. You can travel direct from Birmingham, Coventry, Manchester, Exeter, Southampton, Bournemouth, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh. They are operated by British European Airways and Jersey Airlines, who also serve Alderney, as well as Guernsey and Jersey. The complexity of these services is somewhat confusing for the ordinary passenger, since he is never quite sure when travelling from London whether he is flying by way of Heath Row or Gatwick. He should make a point of ascertaining this. Viscounts will be used this summer by B.E.A., Guernsey Airport having been extended for this very purpose.

Steamer services will operate as usual from Southampton and Weymouth. Sailing tickets are necessary, in addition to travel tickets on certain departures during July and August and also for the return journey. They can be obtained before the actual tickets are bought. But in that event they will cost 10s. each, which will go towards the price of the travel ticket.

In addition to the inter-island air service to Alderney, there is a steamer service between Guernsey and Alderney on Tuesdays and Fridays in each direction. The launch service between Guernsey and Sark is daily in each direction with the exception of Sundays. There is also a steamer service once a week each way between Jersey and St. Malo. Occasionally in the summer the service is extended to Guernsey.

The summer time-table for the air service between Penzance and the Isles of Scilly has just been issued. There is a daily service from April 1 until October 31, the flight taking twenty minutes and the return fare being £3, with a validity of one month.

The airport at Salzburg is closed at the present time. A new runway is being constructed. The airport should be open again by July 1, ready to receive the first Viscount flights from London, a service which will operate four times a week.

A three-day tour from Beirut and Amman to Petra, the "rose-red city," offers a choice of accommodation in a resthouse, a tent or a cave! The greater part of the journey is carried out on horseback.

In complete contrast, British Railways announce a tour by special train from Edinburgh this spring on April 22, to the sub-tropical gardens of Inverewe, in Wester Ross. First-class sleepers will be available and an observer car provided. This is an exceptional opportunity for visiting one of the most astonishing gardens in the British Isles. On the return journey of this week-end trip visits will be made to Culloden Moor, Blair Castle and to the Pass of Killiecrankie. The inclusive cost will be 15 guineas and only 110 passengers can be carried. Anyone interested should write to the National Trust of Scotland, 5, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

For the benefit of passengers travelling to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play this summer, coaches have been laid on by B.E.A. between Munich Airport and the village, for certain day and night services. This facility is well worth enquiring about.

W. D. C. C.

A TYPICAL BASQUE VILLAGE: Sare, in the Pyrenees, contai sweeping eaves and the small neat churches. The villa

scribed here; far less visited than its places of such mense religious interest is the medieval château, a lendid specimen of military architecture of the period; now houses a fascinating Pyrenean Museum. Leaving urdes, the road runs southwards, climbing steadily rough Argelès and Luz-St.-Sauveur to the celebrated rque de Gavarnie, down whose sheer walls of rock scade a dozen little streams fed by the melting snows, pping a thousand feet at a time. No photograph can vey its grandeur.

The road to Gavarnie is a dead end, except for walkers, le-riders and climbers, so you must return to Luz to ntinue eastwards. Climbing still, Barèges, the highest in the Pyrenees and a popular winter sports centre, is ached. Beyond is the highest of the passes, the Col du ourmalet (6,634 ft.); superb is the view from here towards ght or ten magnificent peaks. Soon the road falls to ach the valley of Campan, of which Arthur Young (not sually possessed of a very keen eye for natural beauty) rote "which is upon the whole the most exquisite for *rm* and *colour* that my eye has ever been regaled with."

Then the road goes over the Col d'Aspin (4,900 ft.), es to the Col de Peyresourde (5,128 ft.) and brings the veller to Luchon, a good place for an overnight stop. is the biggest of the Pyrenean spas: above it, at Super-agnères (reached by mountain railway), are splendid pes for ski-ing, while it is also a summer resort. From uchon a deviation from the main route is recommended order to visit the remarkable "dead" village of St.-rtrand-de-Comminges, once an important Roman city d with one of the most interesting cathedrals in France. is is a lovely spot, and there is a pleasant inn in which escapist might like to lodge. Here everything is peaceful.

Continuing along the Route des Pyrénées, St. Girons gins already to have a slightly Mediterranean air. Then to Foix set amid magnificent mountains, with the mantic outline of a medieval fortress dominating the wn. Next comes Ax-les-Thermes, a very ancient spa d the terminal for a road leading to Andorra; it would e a pleasant place, too, for a stay. The road then leads to the high mountains again, over the Col de Puymorens 282 ft.), and thence to Font-Romeu, another suggested ght stop. It is a summer resort, amid magnificent untains, dry and healthy, with excellent hotels.

On the last day of the journey, the road runs along the ge of the mountains as far as Mont-Louis; this is a rming old military town, with fortifications by Vauban. om this point, the road turns sharply northwards towards rcassonne, unfolding magnificent, but ever more distant, ews of the last part of the Pyrenean chain. If you wish, ou can turn off to the right along this road in order to ach Perpignan, while there is a more direct road from ont-Louis taking you through wild country dominated Mont Canigou (8,555 ft.), from whose summit one can joy a superb panorama. At Cortalets, half-way up, ere is a delightfully situated chalet-hotel.

The road from Mont-Louis rises over the Col de la uillane (5,72 ft.) and begins to fall away towards the rges of the Aude River. First it passes through the great ne forest of La Matte, then picks up the Aude valley hich it follows thereafter. Puyvalador, one of the great ams of the Pyrenees, is passed then the road winds mid the sup b forest of Le Carcanet, with beeches, lms and pi . Then follows the whole succession f gorges, tremendous clefts in the rocks, in which

mples of the low, white-painted houses with their be reached by a motorbus service from St.-Jean-de-Luz.

THE CASTLE OF FOIX: Guarding the valley of the Ariège in the Pyrenees stands the tall sentinel of the three-towered castle on its 190-ft.-high, nearly vertical, rock above the town. Part of the castle dates from the twelfth century.

the road duplicates every one of the innumerable twists and turns. This is certainly not the least impressive part of a most impressive journey.

At the end of the last of these gorges is Quillan, so far removed from anywhere that the visitor is astounded to find that it is a centre of industry: hat-making, shoe-making and wood-turning. Now that strange district known as Les Corbières is traversed. It is the junction between the *Massif Central* and the Pyrenees. There are no great heights; the tallest of its mountains do not exceed 4,000 ft., but they are so curiously carved by the weather into tortured and fantastic shapes, so sharp in outline, that they seem much higher than they actually are. The geologist will find much to interest him in this region.

Soon Carcassonne, journey's end, comes into view. The ancient citadel makes one of the world's most beautiful and romantic skylines. It is by far the biggest fortress in Europe, and its outer defences, inmost castle, inner defences, give a unique impression of the Middle Ages. I would point out, however, that it is partly a reconstruction to the plans of Viollet-le-Duc. This was brought about by the attention called to the beauty of its then ruins by Prosper Merimée in his book *Notes de Voyage dans le Midi de la France*. Still clearly to be recognised are the stones of the original Gallo-Roman fortress, the fifth-century work of the Visigoths, the twelfth-century rebuilding and additions up to the fifteenth century. Unimaginative indeed must be the visitor who is not stirred by this relic of the distant past.

This rather incomplete record shows how much there is to see on this four-day coach journey (which runs in both directions) yet, long as it is, it misses a very great deal that is of interest and beauty.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

French Government Tourist Office, 66, *Haymarket*, *London*, *S.W.*1.

French Railways (*for particulars of coach tours*), 10, *Haymarket—or through your travel agent.*

BY JET TO CENTRAL AFRICA

The jet age has cut into Darkest Africa. I travelled recently in the cream and blue interior of Sabena's comfortable Boeing 707 to Leopoldville, which is the first and only stop on the way to either Johannesburg or Elizabethville. The journey, which usually takes around 15 hours, lasted only 7 hours, 20 mins. (Johannesburg is reached in under 12 hours instead of 22 hours.) The beautifully reproduced music I found soothing. The food which was served was abundant and beyond reproach; there was also a "promenade bar" at the front of the plane. A week later, by less speedy craft, the journey back to Brussels (from where, incidentally, the flight began—there is an immediate connection from London) took 24 hours owing to a three-hour delay at Rome Airport.

This subject of delays at airports brings me to a sore point. The one at Brussels before departure was irritating enough and lasted almost an hour, but at Leopoldville, when we arrived, it lasted at least two hours, and queueing three times in order to have a stamp put on health documents, etc., in the literally overpowering heat, was wellnigh insupportable. It all meant that one-third of the immense journey was spent on the ground.

THE QUINCENTENARY OF HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

Five hundred years ago, Prince Henry the Navigator died. He is best remembered for the services which he rendered to geographical discovery. His ships sailed to places on the coast of Africa hitherto unknown. It is fit, therefore, that the services he gave his country should be commemorated. These are the arrangements which have been made in Portugal:

June 10, 1960. Opening of an exhibition in Lisbon covering everything connected with Prince Henry. It closes on November 13, the end of the commemoration.

August 7, 1960. Naval Review in front of Sagres.

August 8, 1960. Unveiling of the Monument of Discoveries.

September 4 to 12, 1960. International Congress of the History of Discoveries.

November 13, 1960 (date of his death). End of Commemorations.

A new Portuguese coin commemorating the quincentenary is now in circulation; also a special series of stamps. Various books, too, are being published in connection with the quincentenary.

A HUGE OIL TANKER SAILS UP THE RIVER THAMES: Tugs tending her are dwarfed by the size of the *Olympic Challenger* as she lies moored at No. 10 jetty at Thameshaven. On the bank are oil storage tanks, and in the background an oil refinery. The *Olympic Challenger* sailed into Thameshaven on Tuesday of last week to unload her cargo of 45,000 tons of crude oil. She is the largest vessel ever to have entered the Thames, although larger cargoes of oil have been unloaded. Navigational difficulties, which might be expected on account of her size, did not arise, since she was not loaded to her full capacity of 59,000 tons. The super-tanker had sailed from the Persian Gulf oilfields by way of the Suez Canal, and because the depth of the Canal did not allow it, she was not fully loaded. At present on charter to the Shell Petroleum Company Limited, the *Olympic Challenger* is one of the huge fleet of modern super-tankers sailing under the much-criticised Liberian flag. She is registered in Monrovia and is owned by the Monrovia Transportation Company, a member of the Onassis group. Built at Kiel, in Western Germany, the *Olympic Challenger* made her maiden voyage in June of last year. She has a deadweight capacity of 64,750 tons. Her propelling machinery consists of steam turbines.

AN ATOMIC SHIP IN PORTLAND: As the United States nuclear-powered submarine *Skate* berths, the crew's band plays jazz music. The vessel arrived in Portland from New London, Connecticut, after a nine-day submerged crossing, to make a four-day goodwill visit. The jazz band is part of Skate's crew's extensive recreational facilities.

On left—

"SKATE" ARRIVES IN ENGLAND: The submarine's crew prepare to moor their ship in Portland Harbour. Since *Skate* was commissioned in December 1957, she has travelled about 84,000 miles. Her reactor still carries the original core of uranium, and there is still some time to go before she will need refuelling. The third of the United States fleet of ten nuclear submarines to be built, *Skate* has made two Arctic explorations under the ice. Since last August a Royal Navy officer and two petty officers have been aboard the ship. They are designate members of Britain's first nuclear submarine *Dreadnought*.

IN BRITISH PORTS

The "Olympic Challenger" at Thameshaven; "Skate" at Portland

ADVANCES IN AN AGE-OLD CRAFT

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE reason that one puts bone into bone china, which contains about 50 per cent. of animal bones, calcined and ground down into powder to be mixed with china clay and Cornish stone, is primarily to give it whiteness and translucency. This high-quality china, through which one can see plainly the shadow of one's fingers, is characteristically and exclusively the finest product of Britain's potteries, differing markedly in composition and appearance from the fine porcelains made on the Continent or in the East. There is quite a gap, in public appreciation and in price, between the least expensive bone chinas and the dearest grades of fine earthenware. Into this gap, late last year, one of Britain's largest pottery manufacturers introduced an entirely new "body" of tableware.

The "English Translucent China" introduced by Doulton Fine China Ltd., contains no bone; yet it looks, to the ordinary eye, as translucent if not quite as white as bone china. Both the bone and the Cornish stone are replaced by a blend of two kinds of felspar; though "E.T.C." differs from Continental porcelains in which felspar is a major ingredient both in composition and in the method of firing. Felspar costs about £17 a ton, against about £56 a ton for bone; the new "body" is more easily shaped than bone china and suffers less wastage during the first process of firing, which is also accomplished much quicker; and Doulton has introduced a new method of automatic dipping into glaze solution before the ware's second "glost" firing. From these economies in materials and technique comes cheapness; the firm is selling this new tableware at about half the price of fine bone china.

Innovation in the basic product of the Potteries is a thing that happens comparatively seldom; innovation in the techniques of making those products, however, potters might fairly claim, is something to which over the last generation they have become quite accustomed. Few industrial areas of Britain, to the casual eye, still display as traditional a set of outlines of "paleotechnic" industrialism as the five (or is it six?) towns that crowd together under the umbrella name of the city of Stoke-on-Trent; yet this traditional skyline of bottle ovens poking up behind the house roofs is now largely illusory as a symbol of the ruling technique. Plenty of these bottle ovens are still belching smoke from the "long flames" of Staffordshire coal, and a fair proportion of the primary "biscuit" firing of pottery is still carried out in them. But the majority of the industry's products go through even this process in gas- or electrically-fired "tunnel ovens"; and practically all the second "glost" firing and the extra "decorates" firing, given to wares which have decorations painted on after the glaze is applied, are done in tunnel ovens.

For the industry in general, the tunnel oven can be called a post-war innovation. The technique had been discussed since early in the century; Minton and Wedgwood began to use it for tableware in the mid-'20's; by the beginning of the war there were more than a hundred tunnel ovens in use, mainly for the later firing processes. Wedgwood was the first major firm in the industry to turn over its "biscuit firing" completely to these new kinds of oven; but ever since the war the industry in general has been converting fairly rapidly.

The advantage is, broadly, that of changing from a batch to a continuous process. In the old bottle ovens one stacked the shaped clay ware in fireclay boxes called "saggars" inside the oven, then sealed this and heated it with coal fires, usually spaced round the outside of the kiln. Filling the oven, keeping it for a few days at the required temperature, letting it cool, and then emptying it, is a somewhat cumbersome cycle of operations, consuming a large amount of labour and a large amount of fuel—much of which goes up in enormous volumes of smoke.

The tunnel oven is simply a long tunnel in which the central "firing zone" is held continuously at the temperature required for the particular process in question; the china or earthenware is fed in slowly through this oven stacked on a continuous line of trucks. Before it reaches the firing zone the ware is gradually preheated; after it has passed out of this zone, it gradually cools, some of the heat from it being re-circulated to help warm up that entering the tunnel. Apart from being continuous, and much more economical in heat, this type of oven carries out each process—"biscuit," "glost," or "decorated" firing—more quickly than the bottle oven, because its maximum temperature can be held constant and applied throughout the firing zone from the moment the ware enters this.

Any radical change in manufacturing methods usually brings with it some problems; one of the biggest ones of the tunnel oven for many potters has simply been the space it takes up. A tunnel oven may vary in length from 60 to 350 ft., though its internal dimensions are only about 4 ft. by 3; accommodating anything this long, in the cramped and huddled urban factories of the Potteries, can be a substantial problem. Not many potters have had the resources, or the enterprise, to move right outside Stoke, as Wedgwood has done, to a shining new factory in parkland at Barlaston, designed from the beginning for the use of the electrically-fired tunnel oven—as complete a contrast to the traditional smoke of the Potteries as one could find. (The site of Wedgwood's old Etruria factory, it is only fair to say, now hemmed in by slagheaps, pitheads, and other potteries, was, when first chosen 200 years ago, equally a "greenfields plant," selected outside the huddle of Burslem.)

The tunnel oven, again, costs more to build than the bottle ovens that it replaces, and continuity of operation is not in every case an advantage for an industry with wide variations in design of ware and with occasionally sharp fluctuations in demand and fashion, which may leave a costly piece of plant under-employed and not earning the whole of its expensive keep. In the last few years even the triumphant tunnel oven itself has been encountering competition from a further innovation—the intermittent electric kiln, which gains savings in labour and in even heat treatment comparable to those of the tunnel, and has lower capital costs to set off against somewhat higher running costs for fuel. These ovens combine the modern techniques of the tunnel with the relative flexibility of the older bottle oven.

And flexibility, in this industry, is not too profitable a thing to sacrifice. There are sections of the pottery industry, if that is taken to cover all the activities that involve the firing of clay and ceramics, that have a fairly steady and predictable pattern of demand: the mass production of tiles and of sanitary earthenware, and of electrical insulating clayware, which account together for something over a third of the employment and the output of the industry (which totalled about 60,000 people and £57,000,000 in value in 1958). But china and earthenware for the home form a rather specialised form of consumer goods subject to considerable fluctuations in the market. Treated properly, they are extremely durable household goods, and unlikely to be replaced quickly or without a good deal of deliberation. They are, at the same time, "fashion goods," subject to shifts of general as well as vagaries of individual taste; yet fashion hardly plays that effective commercial role of making what one has look outmoded and causing one to buy anew that it does, say, with women's clothing. There must, again, be a good deal of "impulse buying" in china stores and departments; but the impulses are capricious, and the retailer has to carry a wide variety of stock to tempt them.

British potters are accustomed to serving this far from predictable market—in Britain and elsewhere. They are also accustomed to arguments from outside that they are too cautious in their approach to extremes of modern design, that they should make more use of designers from outside the industry, that the Scandinavians are getting ahead in some fields of tableware. Such views are easier expressed off the cuff than backed with the manufacturing, distribution and selling programmes at home and overseas that are required to introduce wholly new lines.

Nor do the words "traditional" or "modern," in pottery imply any inevitable or even general direction of taste. It is unlikely to-day, say, that public motoring taste would suddenly shift towards desiring the car designs of the early 1900s, handsome as many were; but it is perfectly possible that it might shift towards the fine china styles of the early 1900s (or the early 1800s, for that matter), after having possessed, and liked, "contemporary" patterns. This is not least because time has brought no advance in "performance" of the product; as plates, cups and saucers the old designs are in every way as good as the new. Innovation that can definitely replace the old, in this industry, is a matter primarily of technique; occasionally, as most recently, of materials. But in its product design, "a cup is a cup is a cup"; and some of the traditional shapes, such as a simple pear-shaped cup from Wedgwood, which is certainly unlike the classical shapes Josiah Wedgwood loved and might go back even to the Persians, are as "functional" to-day as when the shape first spun lovingly off some forgotten potter's wheel.

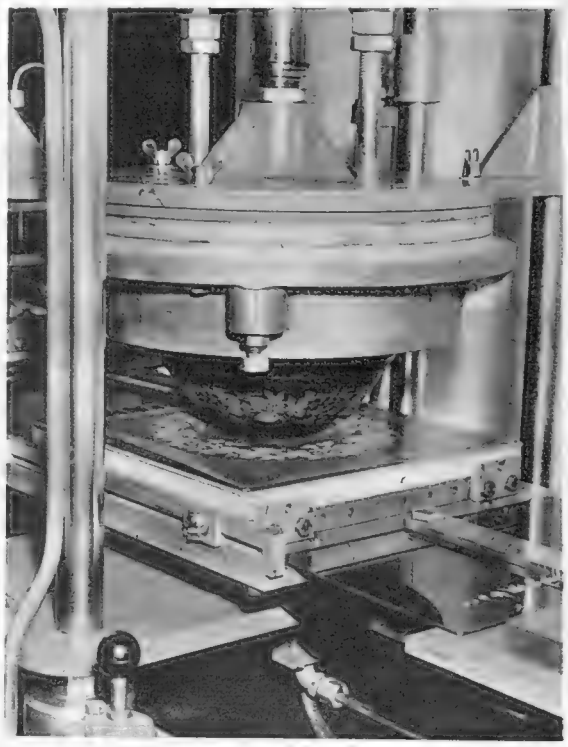
(*Further pictures on following page*)

THE CASTER: He is at work in the pottery of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons Ltd., near Stoke-on-Trent. "Slip" is poured into a plaster mould which absorbs the water and thus leaves a coating of clay on the inside of the mould. The clay's thickness depends on the time the "slip" is in the mould.

THE THROWER: A piece of clay is being worked on the potter's wheel, the most ancient way of making pottery. At the start of the operation a ball of clay is thrown on to the wheel and the thrower works on it until it is of even consistency. He then shapes the piece with his hands.

THE ORNAMENTER: Clay bas-reliefs made in fired pottery moulds are applied to the moistened surface of a tea-pot. The ornaments are fixed only by the pressure exerted by the ornamenter. This method has not altered since the days of Josiah Wedgwood in the late eighteenth century.

The Staffordshire pottery firm of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons Ltd. was founded 200 years ago. Three of the founder's great-great-great-grandsons are on the board of directors. Wedgwood recently held an exhibition of recent and new designs in table and ornamental ware in their London showrooms. Some of the patterns are going into production at the present time and others are for future consideration. The firm has already more than 200 tableware patterns in current production. In the picture *above* a plate is being made at Wedgwood's Barlaston pottery. The inside of the plate is shaped by the rotating plaster mould, while the back of the plate is formed by the horizontal metal "profile" which the maker pulls down with his left hand. He works and turns the clay with his right hand. The mould is known as the "jigger."



MACHINE PRINTING: The Murray Curvex machine is in use. The solid, parabolic-shaped gelatine takes the design from the engraved copper plate below. The article to be printed is placed underneath and the gelatine compressed on top of it.

ADVANCES IN AN AGE-OLD CRAFT

POTTERY DECORATION: In the earthenware decorating department at Barlaston, girls paint patterns on a wide selection of pieces. In many tableware patterns the outline of the design is first applied by machine and the colours filled in later by hand.

THE FIRST FIRING: A truck of ware is pushed into an electric kiln at Barlaston. Before going into the biscuit oven for its first firing, the clay piece must be "white hard," that is dry chalk white. Some articles are placed in layers of sand, a firm but mobile support allowing the pieces to contract evenly.

A section of one of London's largest hotels, the Strand Palace, has been rebuilt to provide 111 bedrooms with bathrooms. The work, carried out while all the floors of the hotel were in use, took ninety-six days and cost about £80,000. In the picture demolition work is proceeding. This involved the complete demolition of all interior walls between the main structural exterior. The contractors for the conversion were Holland & Hannen and Cubitts (Great Britain) Ltd., and the architects F. J. Wills and Son. To enable the work to be done quickly and economically, a detailed advance plan was prepared. Close control over the progress of the work was maintained by means of pocket wireless receivers which were carried by all the key technicians.

QUICK RE-BUILDING IN A LONDON HOTEL

On right—

RENOVATIONS TO A LONDON HOTEL: The rebuilding of a corridor of the Strand Palace Hotel is being carried out. The 111 new suites occupy the space formerly taken by 123 older and larger rooms. The contractors say that the usual building time was reduced by half and that there was a saving of up to one-third in costs.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

MODERN BUILDINGS FOR SALISBURY

The tower section of Livingstone House, in Salisbury, the capital of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, is surrounded by scaffolding. When completed at the end of the year, the 23-storey building will be the highest in Central Africa. The main contractors are Richard Costain (Africa) Ltd., and the architects W. D'Arcy Cathcart of Salisbury, and Dennis Lennon, of London. Livingstone House will provide 170,000 square feet of office space for the Rhodesian Selection Trust (Secretariat) Ltd. On the first two floors there will be car-parking facilities. *Below right*—The main contractors for the tall new Ambassador Hotel in Salisbury are John Laing and Son Ltd. Several floors of the building will be Government offices. British contractors are responsible for a number of major new buildings in the Rhodesian capital.

PLASTIC BODIES FOR A BRITISH SPORTS SALOON

The first Lotus Elite sports saloon bodies in resin-bonded plastic, produced for Lotus Cars Ltd., by the Plastics Department of Bristol Aircraft Ltd., come off the production lines at Filton, near Bristol. It is planned that Lotus may reach an output of about twenty-five of these cars a week, using plastic bodies, at their new factory at Cheshunt, near Waltham Cross. The Lotus Elite went into quantity production, using a different body shell, in June 1959, and last year they achieved numerous successes in races, outstanding being first and second in their class at Le Mans. In standard form, the two-seater saloon, costing nearly £2,000, including tax, reaches a top speed of 120 m.p.h. It is powered by a 1,216-cc. Coventry Climax engine.

INSTALLING A SHIP'S MACHINERY

Two cranes, working in tandem, lower a marine boiler for installation in a new liner being built at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The boiler, which weighs over 60 tons, is of the selectable-superheat type manufactured by Babcock and Wilcox Ltd. The same firm is also the manufacturer of the cranes, which each have a capacity of 40 tons and are described as level-luffing travelling jib cranes. The ship is the *Principe Perfeito*. She is being built at the Neptune shipyard of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Limited, for Portuguese owners. The liner will be equipped with three of the Babcock boilers.

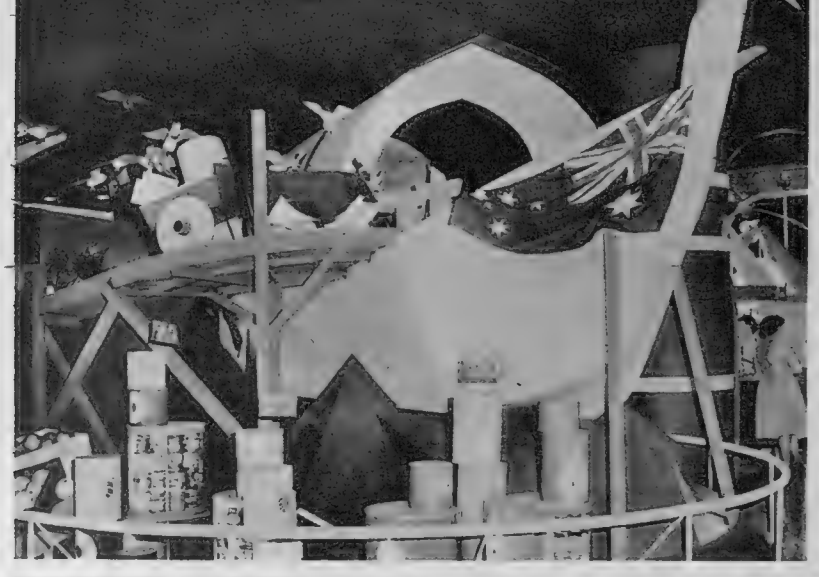
IDEAL HOMES

At the Exhibition at Olympia, in London

Dominating the Grand Hall Olympia for the *Daily M* Ideal Home Exhibition is a G gian period residence. Elsewhere the show, which will end on March there are various other hou designed for the people of to-d Perhaps the most visited of th are the overseas exhibits, the Cana Trend House, using Canadian timb inside and outside, and the Americ house. This second gives an idea the kind of home in which a fam may live in one of the newer subu of an American town. Its featu include three bedrooms and o living and dining space. As has b so often emphasised in the past, American home is not compl without many large fitted cupboar central heating and labour-savi devices. At the Exhibition, besi the houses, there is a vast range household gadgets and devices.

Life in the future is shown in model of a space vehicle, which gi some idea of the conditions travell may experience. And linking t past with the present is the Gener Post Office exhibit, giving a pict history of this essential service.

THE TULIP GARDENS: One of the central features of the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia are the gardens containing 50,000 tulip bulbs planted in beds round a fountain. There are also seven sections by different firms, exhibiting a wide range of flowers and shrubs. The Exhibition, which was opened last week, closes on March 26.



On left—

"DOWN UNDER WONDERLAND": In the International Food section, Australian model animals carry all kinds of the produce of Australia into the ark forming the decor of the stand.

On right—

IN A CANADIAN HOUSE: The table is laid in the dining-room of the Canada Trend House of the British Columbia Lumber Manufacturers. The dining-room is entered from the hall and the steps (left) lead up to the sitting-room.

A HOME IN CANADIAN TIMBER: The framework is Pacific Coast hemlock, sheathed with Douglas fir plywood beneath the horizontal wall cladding in Western red cedar. The house has a split-level plan to emphasise the flexibility of frame construction. With an area of 1,360 sq. ft., excluding garage, and central heating, the house costs about £4,500-£5,000.

AN AMERICAN HOUSE: Designed by a special committee of t long, low bungalow. The living area, exclusive wastes no space, and there are three bedrooms, ma

A REPLICA OF A GEORGIAN HOUSE: The centrepiece of the Exhibition at Olympia, the house is approached by a formal drive. Its design and fittings have been copied from the period of about 1720. Most of the period furniture has been loaned by Sir Harold Wernher from the collection at Luton Hoo.

AN AMERICAN DINING-ROOM: In the All-American house at Olympia, the room is an extension of the living-room. Opening onto the back yard, the dining-room is conveniently situated near the kitchen.

rican National Association of Home Builders' Research Council, it is a ging facilities, is about 1,550 sq. ft. An ingenious open-plan layout d cupboards, and nearly every labour-saving device in the kitchen.

TRAVELLING IN THE FUTURE: One of the exhibits is a replica of a space vehicle, based on designs developed by Douglas Aircraft Ltd., of California. It is 62 ft. long and is suspended as it would be in flight. The vehicle is intended to give an idea of how the first travellers in space may live on their journeys.

The World of Books

A Biography of a Saint

The Life of St. François de Sales ; The Crimes of Goebbels ; Visit to Russia ; Books from Italy, France and America ; Robert Graves's Translation of the "Iliad" ; and Novels by John Bratby and Mary Cecil

ONE of the most attractive, even magnetic, of saints has always been St. François de Sales, of whom some wit once said that he had "invented Christian charity." He was the son of a noble family and brought up in his native Savoy, leaving it for the first time when he was fifteen to travel to Paris with his private tutor and enrol in the Jesuit college near the Sorbonne. There he was to study long and conscientiously, rather than brilliantly, and in such spare time as he had to dress and live the existence of a young man of the sixteenth century, well connected and with an *entrée* to the great world. He was serious, gentle and courteous, but he was neither a prig nor a weakling. His Savoy boyhood had given him plenty of strength for dancing or drinking or fencing. Slowly, though, he was shaping his life towards his own aims of devoutness and piety which he was to accomplish as few men have and with the devotion of all whose lives he touched.

FRANCOIS DE SALES (Collins. 18s.) is a charming biography of the saintly man by Mr. Michael de la Bedoyère and I think it would be difficult to read it without being touched in some measure by the grace of spirit, the common sense, the glancing humour and the authority that were the saint's and which are shown over and over again in his preserved works. St. François de Sales is the patron of writers and journalists and I agree with the author that it is surprising that they have not "queued up to make their patron better known." He adds that a study of the saint's life shows him to be a suitable patron for a great variety of occupations—of viniculture and pubs, for example. He once performed the most charming of miracles to enable his travelling companions to drink wine rather than mountain water. He could be the patron of rowing and University boat clubs, for he called himself "a doctor of rowing." His letters are as rich a source as his mystical writings and it was in one of the former that he described himself: "I am nothing if I am not a man."

Henri IV, whose cavalier attitude to religion—"*Paris vaut bien une messe*" is better remembered than many more pious sayings—gave his own opinion of François de Sales when he described him as "a rare bird indeed; devout, learned and a gentleman into the bargain. . . . He is gentle, good and humble, deeply pious but without useless scruples." As Mr. de la Bedoyère sees it, he is also the greatest of the saints, at least for modern times. His biography, reasonably short, informed and gracefully written, is yet another tribute to the saint.

To turn from the contemplation of such a life to a study of a Nazi politician is just about as great a leap as one could make; quite simply from good to evil. But there is something undeniably interesting, almost fascinating, in such a biography as has been written by Mr. Roger Manvell and Mr. Heinrich Fraenkel: DOCTOR GOEBBELS—*His Life and Death* (Heinemann. 30s.). For Goebbels, though in most respects an evil man and in his doctrine wholly evil, was not a fool. On the contrary, he was extremely clever, a spell-binding orator, though to the German rather than the English taste, and a man with a real flair for propaganda and spectacular organisation; the pre-war Nuremberg rallies were his idea.

Here is Sir Nevile Henderson, our Ambassador to Germany immediately before the war, had this to say on Goebbels: "The 'little doctor' was probably the most intelligent, from a purely brain point of view, of all the Nazi leaders. . . . He always saw and stuck to the point; he was an able debater, and, in private conversation astonishingly fair-minded and reasonable." The authors of this well-planned biography have had no intention of whitewashing him. On the contrary, they have performed the very useful function of showing him as he was, in his true setting and with his real character and ambition ruthlessly exposed. It is a startling, lucid and utterly readable account of the life and crimes of an extraordinary being and can worthily be kept on the same shelf as Professor Trevor-Roper's *The Last Days of Hitler*.

EASTERN EXPOSURE (Gollancz. 21s.) is a documentary and extremely lively account of a visit to Russia that lasted throughout 1956 and for part of 1957 and was made by a young American, Mr. Marvin L. Kalb, while preparing a thesis on a fairly obscure Minister of Education in the first half of the nineteenth century. For this, Mr. Kalb was lucky enough to land the job of press attaché at the American Embassy in Moscow. He speaks, reads and thoroughly understands the Russian language, Here are his findings during those months of work and widespread travel, and very entertaining, observant and sensible they are. Like the last book this one, too, is immensely readable.

A VOICE FROM THE CELL (Hutchinson. 15s.) is an extraordinary little volume; the defence written by Severio Montalto while he was waiting trial in prison, accused of the murder of his sister and the shooting of his wife and mother-in-law. In the event he was sent to an asylum for observation during two years and has now returned to his practice as a veterinary surgeon in Calabria. It is an odd but moving document and the squalid stresses and strains which led up to the shooting are described with almost intolerable fidelity.

A SECOND CHAPTER IN THE SAGA OF THE HORNETT FAMILY: From left to right in *Watch it, Sailor!*, a sequel to *Sailor Beware*, at the Aldwych Theatre, in London, are Henry Hornett (Cyril Smith), Emma Hornett (Kathleen Harrison), Edie Hornett (Esma Cannon) and Lieut.-Commander Hardcastle (Stanley Beard). The sequel, by Philip King and Falkland Cary, was greeted with enthusiasm as being in the true tradition of Aldwych farce.

It was André Gide who declared that criticism was at the base of all art and as a literary critic, writing from as early as 1887, his name is one of the foremost in the French scene. It is curious to reflect that so little of this aspect of his work has been published before in translation in this country but now PRETEXTS (Secker and Warburg. 35s.) helps to redress the balance, for this book, with his own sub-title of *Reflections on Literature and Morality*, and including selections from three of his works, introduces the reader to a full appreciation of this extraordinary writer's talent. Gide was in the rare tradition of those who are capable of being both creator and critic. The proof of this exists in print. As Mr. Justin O'Brien writes in his preface (he has also selected and edited these essays): "Gide, who never tired of quoting Oscar Wilde's paradox that 'the imagination imitates, whereas the critical spirit creates,' would have liked Camus's remark 'When Gide criticises, he creates.'" So it is, as witness this wonderfully welcome book.

THE VANISHING EVANGELIST (Heinemann. 25s.) recalls one of the phenomena of the 1920's; the apparent disappearance or kidnapping of Aimée Semple McPherson at the height of her fame and notoriety in California. Mr. Lately Thomas (and I hope that he will forgive me for saying that he has a wonderful name) has explored all the known facts and examined the enigma at a distance of nearly thirty-five years and with an objectivity that one can but admire. The result is a fantastic story which one feels could only have happened in that particular setting of hysterical adulation. The result is a book which is often quite hilarious, the more so for its wry, detached, dead-pan manner.

It is one of the contentions of that noted scholar and poet, Mr. Robert Graves, that even Homer was capable of using the technique of dead-pan satire and that, indeed, he used it with immortal effect when he wrote the *Iliad*, which was in effect his re-telling of the history of an ancient Greek expedition against Troy. Mr. Graves holds, too, that the *Iliad* has been mistreated for generations. This has done the greatest damage, not to the poem which still exists in its original, but to the young readers who have missed so very much. Now, in his own, fresh translation, Mr. Graves presents THE ANGER OF ACHILLES (Cassell. 30s.) as a great human story, with poetry, humour and fire, and with all the marks of greatness.

The short tally of new novels begins with something of a bang this week. The artist, Mr. John Bratby, young, controversial, full of fire and already recognised by such authorities as the curators of the Tate Gallery and New York's Museum of Modern Art, has written his first novel BREAKDOWN (Hutchinson. 25s.) and has illustrated it with his own forceful drawings. His theme is a violent and tragic one: a man's decline and death, through a present-day Rake's Progress. Nevertheless, there is comedy and some situations which border on the farcical. Mr. Bratby tells us that he has drawn on his own experience for some of the incidents but has distorted and exaggerated them into the regions of pure fiction. "I shall be highly amused if anyone thinks this book is autobiographical," he writes, "for if it was, I would indeed be an Awful Mess!" It is a comfort to reflect that neither the book nor its inventive, gifted author are fitted by this description, but that, between them, the reader is given as stimulating, confused, overwhelming and vital a novel as he will have read for months.

SOMETHING IN COMMON (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is Miss Mary Cecil's new novel, the central character of which is a young woman leaving her genteel Surrey home at the end of the war to make a career for herself, possibly as a flautist. There follow a series of more or less highly-coloured events adding up to a minimum of financial success but described (the girl is the narrator) with the sharpest perception and, often, compassion. Miss Cecil's ear for dialogue is as acute as in her earlier book and some of the conversation here is deliciously funny, particularly as it relates to cockneys and London life. To write a truly comic scene is one of the most demanding of enterprises, but Miss Cecil brings it off time and again.

Vernon Fane

Hitler's Russian Campaign

An Authoritative Study of Nazi Policy

Just why Hitler's Germany found it necessary at the chosen point of time to invade Russia, when there were still preoccupations in the West, will remain a mystery, in the same way that we shall never quite understand what drove Napoleon to lead his Army on Moscow. The campaigns which carried French and Germans to the gates of Moscow both brought their violent revulsions to the gates respectively of Paris and Berlin. Gerald Reitlinger, who has made a close study of German policies under the Nazis, describes, in THE HOUSE BUILT ON SAND (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.), the dual and conflicting motives that led Hitler to his invasion of 1941.

One of those aims was to crush Communism, the inevitable enemy of Fascism, and the second to gain living space for colonial expansion. If Germany was to hold newly-won terrain and advance still further east, it was essential that she should make friends, not least in the Ukraine, which was ripe for separation from Russia by reason of its own particular and powerful brand of nationalism. What in fact happened was that Hitler sent into the Ukraine the Gauleiter for East Prussia and Bialystok, none other than Erich Koch, whose mission it was to exact huge quantities of wheat and cattle from the Ukrainians, so that in the third year of the war the Ukraine might feed Axis Europe. Koch made himself the emblem of Hitler's contempt for the slave people, and it was through him and his like that fatal policies were interpreted. Mr. Reitlinger's book is the product of deep research; it is lengthy, but lucid; detailed in its argument, but crystal clear in its direction.

There is a deeply imaginative quality, a gift of quicksilver expression, and a joyous unorthodoxy about the writing of Erico Verissimo, the distinguished Brazilian novelist whose book MEXICO (Macdonald. 30s.) reflects the highlights of a recent tour he made through that vast country of breathtaking beauty and great artistic heritage. If you ask ten Brazilians what is the first word that comes to mind when they think of Mexico it is possible that eight will say "Revolution," says Señor Verissimo. But he himself answers differently: "I have always associated the name of Mexico with 'murals.'" During his stay the Author paid visits to Alfaro Siqueiros, the Mexican mural painter, and Jose Vasconcelos, the writer, and discussed with them many aspects of Mexican life and character; he stayed in remote country places, and walked in the towns and cities. A lifetime, Verissimo says, is not enough to understand Mexico, or even to touch the heart of its mystery. Some readers may feel that this brilliant author, however, has come close to conveying the atmosphere of a great and wonderful land.

Adrian Gallegos, son of a well-known Spanish painter who made his home in Italy and there married an Englishwoman, has since his youth been almost bilingual. This circumstance stood him in good stead during his wartime adventures in Germany and Italy. Gallegos joined the R.N.V.R. in 1940. Later he was captured by the Germans. To safeguard certain secrets of the Capri partisans, Gallegos pretended to be an Italian rating, and it was his experiences in captivity and during his repeated attempts at escape (the last of them successful), that provide the basis for his book

INCOMPARABLE VERULAM

experimental philosophy and science and statesmanship were my cups of tea, it is probable that Mr. G. Crowther's massive assembly of arguments in his ANCIS BACON (Cresset Press. 35s.) would have oved some of my vague impressions derogatory to on's character and gone some way to convince me t in his thought he lived centuries beyond his time, eer of Galileo. I needed no assurance of the splendour range of his intellect, but still need assurance that sought political power solely in order to harness nce for the redemption of mankind. The common ef that he was a queer fish survives. He was at all es ready to grovel for office, to whine like a beggar, in hand, for charity. He was a treacherous friend, ably to his patron, Essex. He was a self-confessed ceptor of bribes in highest judicial office and his own ther suspected him of occasional homosexuality. Incitally, I have never understood why the style and syntax ough, heaven knows, not the matter) of his *Essays* used as a model for students of English prose style. Mr. Crowther makes clearer to me the marvellous ge and fertility of his intellect, if he makes not much arer what those qualities achieved in his day or ours. ere is mercifully no encouragement in the book for conians in the Shakespeare controversy. There are four idental references to the plays, none to Shakespeare. Anyone who attempts to judge Bacon without first ing into the skin of his period is an unjust and futile ge. The Cecils, the Queen herself, judged by the dern manner of thought, seem sometimes contempble, since customs and usage in their day are utterly n to our own. But for me, at least, an untrained nc of statesmanship, science and philosophy, Bacon's atness in these lines never excuse his meannesses. He nains a great enigma.

LORNA DOONE" AND ALL THAT

THE final poem in the *Oxford Book of English Verse* is *Dominus illuminatio mea* by an anonymous poet. the *Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*, it is acknowledged by the author of *Lorna Doone*. Literary purists would that R. D. Blackmore was a better poet than prosetter. *Lorna Doone*, one of the reading public's " heart's lings," alike as heroine and story, is filled with long oods of pure blank verse, the longest of which, I think, at which describes the bumper harvest at Oare. Apart n the absence of an index, my only quarrel with Kenn Budd's brief biography, THE LAST VICTORIAN ntaur Press. 15s.), is that perhaps he devotes too much ce to some of the inferior novels, and too little to rna Doone. True, Blackmore was not a one-book thor. *Alice Lorraine* and *Perlycross* pleased readers d critics, and he himself favoured *The Maid of Sker.* It is odd how little is known about the childhood of a table who died in 1900. The chief source of his owledge of the West Country was derived from his t years at Blundell's, where for a time Archbishop mple (Frederick), by no means a kindly mentor, ared his lodging. He went on to Exeter, Oxford; and, en left a competence by an uncle, he spent much of s life and income losing money on a fruit farm near mpton Wick. He is to be remembered as one of the oneers of detective fiction. He corresponded with any literary men of his day in England and America, o held him in esteem, but *Lorna Doone* is his monument and a testimony to a fine and generous character.

John Gore

ROM CAPRI INTO OBLIVION (Hodder and oughton. 16s.). It seems to have been a nightmare e for Gallegos, but he claims he would not have ssed it for anything.

The Macdonald Illustrated Library of Modern owledge makes its bow with a magnificent first volume, IENCE (Macdonald. 45s.), dealing with chemistry, sics and astronomy within 350 illustrated pages. The torial board consists of Dr. J. Bronowski, Sir Gerald ry, James Fisher, and Sir Julian Huxley. Very propriately Dr. Bronowski has given this volume cial supervision, and clarity of presentation has rly been one of the keynotes of the production.

Ingrid Bergman has certainly made some unfortable films, and she gives the impression of being one the more intelligent stars; allied to that she has had ramatic life with the public not always on her side. this seems to justify a biography, and it comes from typewriter of her personal representative of many rs, Mr. Joseph Steele. INGRID BERGMAN: AN TIMATE PORTRAIT (W. H. Allen. 21s.) brings to a very human personality, and one senses at once ability as an artist and her innate dignity.

THE MUSIC OF ARTHUR SULLIVAN (Macllan. 35s.) is the work of Gervase Hughes, himself accomplished composer and conductor. This is the comprehensive study of Sullivan's work, and traces development from the potential merit of his first thful ballet, to his mature success. In summing up author shows how Sullivan taught his own profession t light music can be civilised and scholarly without ing its wide appeal.

R. C. E.

AN AUSTRALIAN'S DEBUT AT COVENT GARDEN: June Bronhill in the title-role in *Lucia di Lammermoor* makes her entry in the mad scene, her nightdress being stained with blood after the murder of Arturo. The Australian singer made her debut at the Royal Opera House in London on March 2. Lucia is a most exacting role, for Donizetti's opera is primarily a vehicle for a coloratura soprano. Miss Bronhill succeeded a fellow-Australian, Joan Sutherland, in the part in which the latter had enhanced her already renowned reputation. Critics generally agreed that Miss Bronhill had given an interpretation of Scott's unhappy Bride which maintained the high standard set by her predecessor. The opera was given for the last time this season on Monday last (March 7), with Miss Bronhill singing Lucia for the second time. She is one of the busiest top-flight opera performers in London at the moment. She is also singing Leila in the Sadler's Wells production of Bizet's *The Pearl Fishers.*

OPERA IN LONDON

On left—

THE VICTIM OF A TRICK: André Turp is seen as Edgardo in *Lucia di Lammermoor.* He also received high praise for his performance in the part of the Master of Ravenswood who is constant in his love for Lucia, but she is persuaded by a subterfuge that he is being unfaithful to her. Edgardo's death scene, in which he commits suicide at the end of the opera, is often something of an anti-climax. Mr. Turp in his performance at Covent Garden was never open to this criticism.

OXFORD'S ELECTION

The Poll which Voted Mr. Macmillan the University's Chancellor

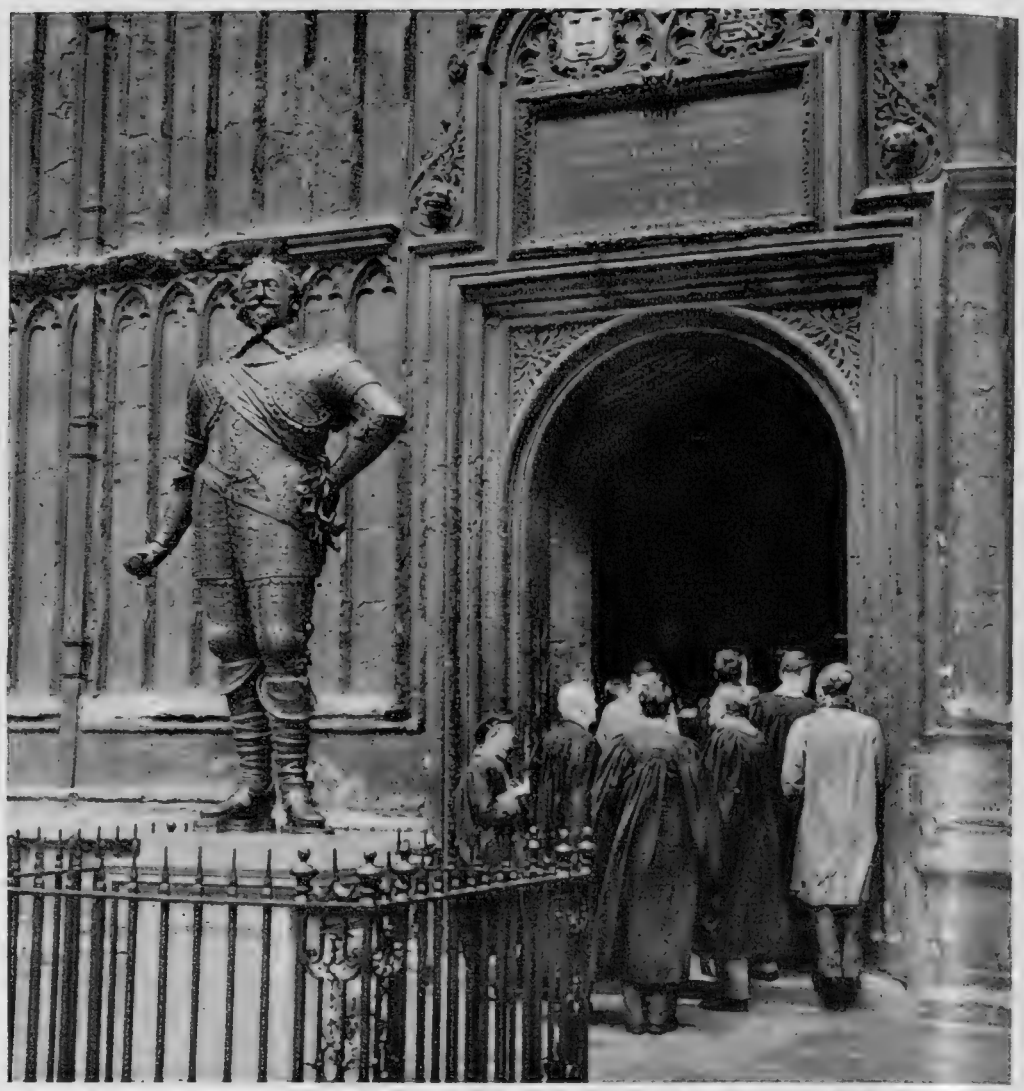
THE FEMALE VOTE: A group of women Masters of Oxford University wait outside the Divinity Schools to record their votes in the election for the successor to the late Lord Halifax as Chancellor of the University. The candidates were Mr. Macmillan and Sir Oliver Franks. The former was elected by 1,976 to 1,697 votes.

Oliverum Franks, Equitatem, or Haraldum Macmillan. Such was the choice which last week at Oxford faced the members of Convocation who are entitled to elect the University's Chancellor. Soon after the close of the poll in the Divinity Schools on Saturday evening, the Senior Proctor announced the successful candidate to be Mr. Macmillan.

So ended manœuvres and counter-manœuvres which had been thoroughly enjoyed by those concerned in them. The candidates took no part in the election fight, in fact Sir Oliver Franks was out of the country.

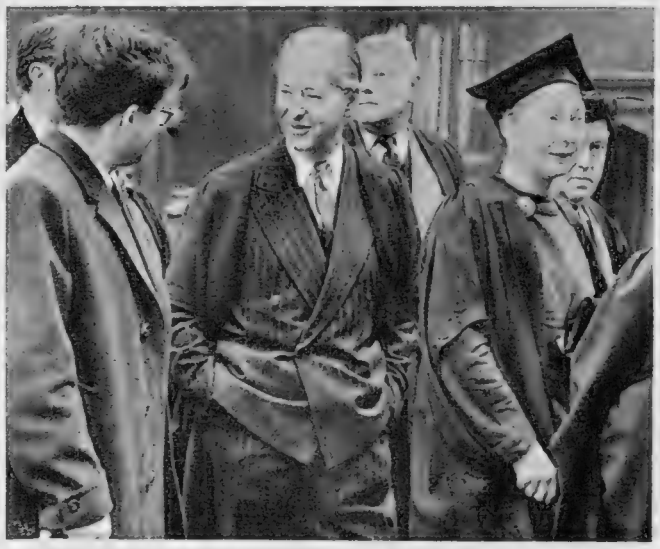
The previous Chancellor, the late Lord Halifax, was elected unopposed. The last contested election was in 1925, when Asquith was the obvious choice but Lord Cave was put up by the Conservative element and won. In the recent election, adherents of both candidates loudly proclaimed there were no party political issues. Mr. Macmillan might be a well-known Conservative and Sir Oliver Franks might have Liberal associations. But this had nothing to do with it.

The real issue, both sides agreed, was how the nature of the office of the Chancellor should be regarded. Those who held that he should be an imposing figurehead maintained that Mr. Macmillan was ideally suited for the job. The counter-opinion was that the time has now come for the Chancellor to take a more active part in University affairs and that Sir Oliver, with his wide administrative and academic experience, would be better. Probably the majority of voters resident in Oxford favoured Sir Oliver. The bulk of Macmillanites came from outside.



THE FIRST CONTESTED ELECTION FOR THIRTY-FIVE YEARS: Voters gather in the quadrangle of the Bodleian Library at the doors of the Divinity Schools. In the foreground the statue of the Earl of Pembroke (Chancellor from 1617 to 1640) surveys the scene. Last week's election at Oxford was the first contest for the Chancellorship since the notorious Cave-Asquith fight in 1925. Party politics then decided the issue. In the Macmillan-Franks poll, supporters of both sides claimed there were no party political considerations.

A SENIOR MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY: Mr. C. K. Hughes studies a book in the queue. About 12 per cent. of the electorate voted.

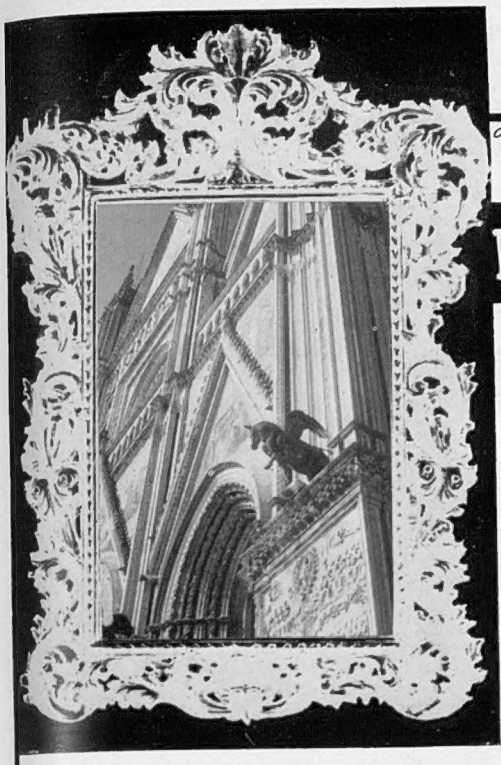


On left—

A VOTE FOR FRANKS: Sir William Hayter (centre), the Warden of New College and former British Ambassador to the Soviet Union, chats before recording his choice. He was an open supporter of Sir Oliver as the candidate better suited for the office of Chancellor.

TWO MINISTERIAL ELECTORS: Sir Edward Boyle, *left*, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and Mr. Duncan Sandys, *right*, the Minister of Aviation, were among the Oxford M.A.s who made the journey from London to vote.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COMMONWEALTH: Mrs. Iyer, an Indian Master of Lady Margaret Hall, passes the time in conversation. One Canadian Oxford M.A. flew from Montreal.



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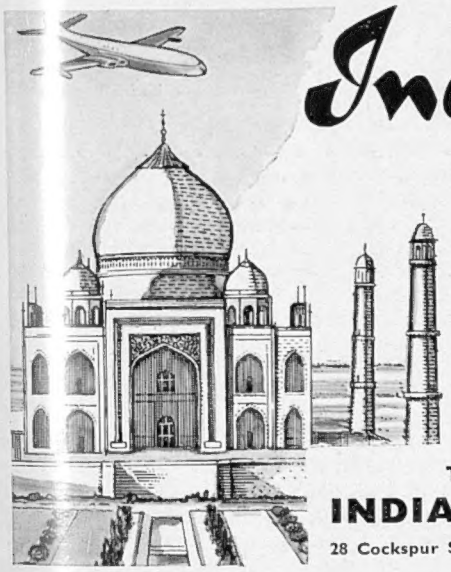

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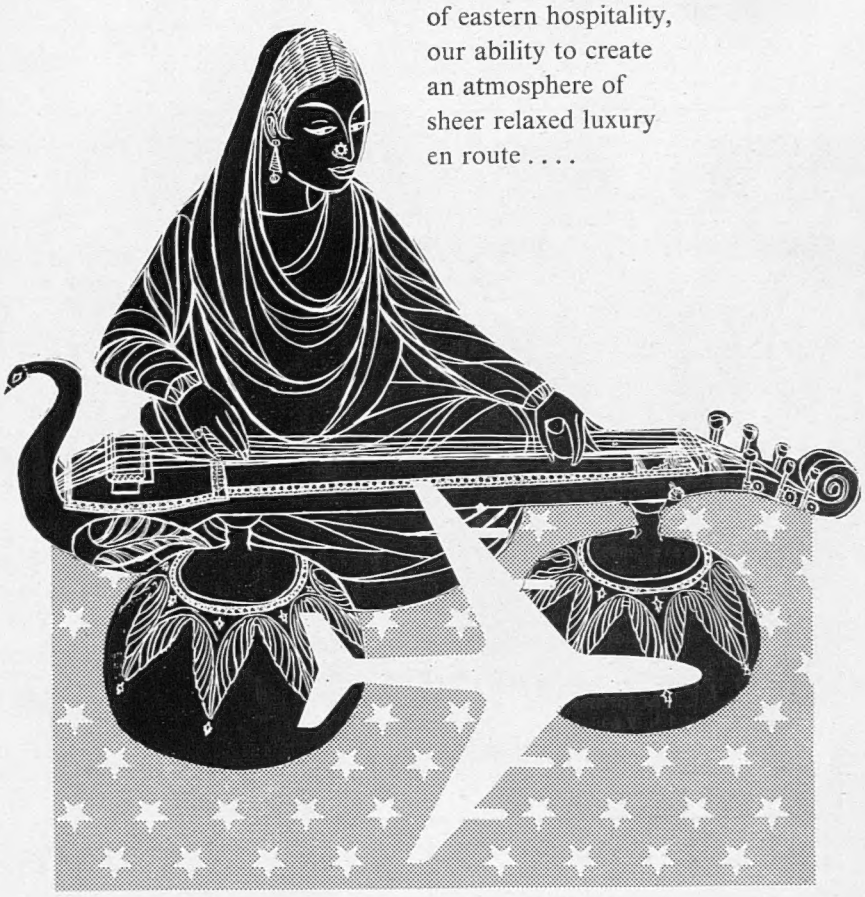

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A REGULAR READER OF *THE SPHERE*, resident in the Philippine Islands, asks for my advice for a tour of Britain, commencing at Harwich, proceeding to Edinburgh, St. Andrews, Inverness and Fort William and then southward with Southampton as his port of embarkation. His terms of reference stipulate that the routes should embrace as much as possible of scenic and historic interest and that trunk roads such as the A1 and the M1 should be side-tracked.

Now that I have had the enjoyment of some fireside plotting, I am passing on my findings to you in the hope that it may prove helpful.

No one can route anyone satisfactorily unless considerable elasticity is allowed; so I have divided the itinerary into stages, giving the approximate mileage, leaving it to readers to make the necessary allowances for diversions.

Stage 1: Harwich to Cambridge (80 miles). Time of disembarkation will be the deciding factor on what detour can be made, but if time permits head for Manningtree, Dedham, Stoke-by-Nayland, Lavenham, Long Melford, Clare, Haverhill, and so to Cambridge. This route embraces the Constable country, the once cloth-weaving area around Lavenham, with fine timbered houses and large churches a dominant feature of the day. *Recommended hotels:* LE TALBOOTH, near Dedham, at the foot of Gun Hill (do not miss it); THE SWAN at Lavenham and the BULL at Long Melford (Trust Houses); NETHERGATE HALL, at Clare, and in Cambridge, GARDEN HOUSE HOTEL or the BLUE BOAR (Trust House).

Stage 2: Cambridge to Lincoln (121 miles). Leaving time for a ramble around some of the Colleges (an interesting diversion could be made to view Ely Cathedral), proceed to Huntingdon (the birthplace of Cromwell), Norman Cross, Peterborough (view Cathedral), and then on to Fenland and a portion of the bulb country to Sleaford, Bourne and Lincoln. *Recommended hotels*—worthwhile diverting for lunch—THE GEORGE at Stamford; for tea, PETWOOD HOTEL, Woodhall Spa (a few miles east of our line of route); and THE WHITE HART, Lincoln (one of Britain's best) for the night.

Stage 3: Lincoln to Harrogate via York (94 miles). Touring in any country there must be days when scenic charm is absent. On this stage the attraction is the two objectives, the ancient city of York and the comparatively modern spa of Harrogate. The line of route is Gainsborough, Misterton, Haxey, Goole, Boothferry Bridge, and so on to York, allowing plenty of time for wandering around the Minster and the old walls and gates. Then to Harrogate, the floral spa, a town of exciting shops and lovely gardens. *Recommended hotels:* For lunch, THE ROYAL STATION at York, and, for the night in Harrogate, THE CAIRN (Trust House), OLD SWAN, and for two unlicensed hotels, THE RUSSELL and THE STUDLEY.

Stage 4: Harrogate to Edinburgh via Carter Bar (176 miles). The route lies through Ripon (you might prefer to stay here overnight) and on to Leeming, Scotch Corner (a short stretch of the Great North Road). Then make for Piercebridge, West Auckland, Tow Law, Riding Mill, Corbridge, and northwards to Carter Bar, where, given a fine day, you will get your first glimpse of Scotland. For the most part it is a fast moorland drive, so the earlier one starts the greater the opportunities for lingerings and diversions. Take note, then, of the following attractions en route; Ripon Cathedral (Fountains Abbey, only two miles' diversion), Blanchland (a village steeped in history a few miles to the west of Riding Mill). *Recommended hotels:* at Ripon, THE SPA; Blanchland, THE LORD CREWE ARMS (suggested diversion for lunch); the PERCY ARMS, at Otterburn, and should you decide to arrive in Edinburgh and spend the night outside, note THE GEORGE AND ABBOTSFORD at Melrose and the TIGHNUILT HOTEL at Innerleithen, seven miles outside Peebles.

Stage 5: In Edinburgh for as long as you can spare the time. *Hotels and Restaurants:* I have every confidence in the following. In the top class the CALEDONIAN, NORTH BRITISH and GEORGE HOTELS. In the three-star category, BRAID HILLS, CARLTON (Trust House) and ROXBURGHE, and in the two-star, THE HARP. *Restaurants:* CAFE ROYAL, L'APERITIF, ALBYN. Note also, nine miles out, the NORTON HOTEL at Newbridge, for accommodation or meals.

Stage 5A: This stage is mainly for golfers, although St. Andrews has other interests as well. Cross the Firth of Forth, making for Dunfermline, Kinross, Cupar, St. Andrews (47 miles by ferry). As a whole day must be devoted to this Mecca of golf, stay at RUFFLETS HOTEL, on the Cupar road.

Stage 6: Edinburgh to Carrbridge (direct route via Ferry and Pitlochry, 132 miles). Alternative route via Perth, Blairgowrie, Spittal of Glenshee, Braemar, Tomintoul, Grantown is 148 miles. Both are fine roads, but if the weather is fine I feel the latter has more scenic charm and it embraces Deeside, but as it is not a route that can be hurried over I advocate an early start. *Recommended hotels* en route: Perth, ROYAL GEORGE; Spittal of Glenshee, DALMUNZIE HOUSE; Braemar, INVERCAULD ARMS, and in the Carrbridge/Aviemore neighbourhood, LYNWILG HOTEL, near Aviemore; CARRBRIDGE HOTEL, Carrbridge, and FREEBURN HOTEL, Tomatin.

Stage 7: Carrbridge to Oban (139 miles) (ferry at Ballachulish). The road will be good, the scenery of lochs and mountains unforgettable, so all I wish you is a perfect day and a pleasant leisurely journey. *Recommended hotels* en route: LEWISTON ARMS, near Drumnadrochit; GLENMORISTON ARMS, Invermoriston; INVERGARRY HOTEL, Invergarry; ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Fort William; and in Oban and neighbourhood, THE FALLS OF LORA HOTEL, at Connel Ferry, and THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Oban.

(*Continued in March 26 issue*)

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How I came to look ten years younger in four weeks . . .

That's me, second from the left, bottom row. The others are some of the very special crew of the Orient liner which took us to Australia. They are twelve friends, and part of the reason why I arrived looking ten years younger.

It began when John, my husband, said one day:

"Flying to Australia next month. Business. You come too. Bring Sarah: it'll do you both good."

Sarah's our eighteen year old daughter, and it was then I dropped my bombshell.

"Yes, but let's go by sea, you haven't had a let up for years and you're beginning to show it."

Three weeks and forty arguments later, we were boarding the beautiful ship Oronsay, for the start of our big adventure. Gib, Naples, Port Said, Aden, Colombo, we saw them all on our way to Sydney (I wish we could have gone on to San Francisco).

They were four of the happiest weeks of our lives. We grew to love Oronsay. We liked the service, and loved the friendliness. We enjoyed the rest and all the things that went with it. For the first time for ages John had leisure and *fun*. As for me, I've never been so spoilt. None of that what-shall-we-have-for-dinner, no chores, everything thought out for you and heavenly food. Sarah we seldom saw, her social life was too demanding!

It was a good idea of mine going by Orient Line, if I look ten years younger for it, John feels twenty—and admits it. We'll always have a soft spot in our hearts for Oronsay—that lovely happy golden ship.

My friends' names

1 Purser Thorpe
2 Captain Coles
3 Staff Commander Brittain
4 Assistant Surgeon Watkin
5 Stewardess Henderson
6 Chief Steward Wilkinson
7 Chief Barkeeper Alchin
8 Deckman Weight
9 Sister Cole
10 Asst. Steward Field
11 Chef Williamson
12 Me
13 and Bellboy Tim

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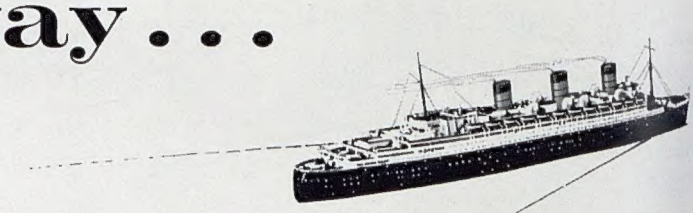

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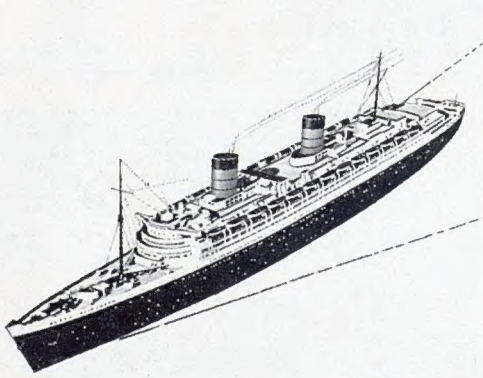

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